WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE AND EDUCATION

IN THIS ISSUE

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE – PHOTOGRAPHY

A PORTFOLIO OF PORTRAITS BY YOUSUF KARSH

WAYS OF THINKING • TYPES OF PERSONALITIES

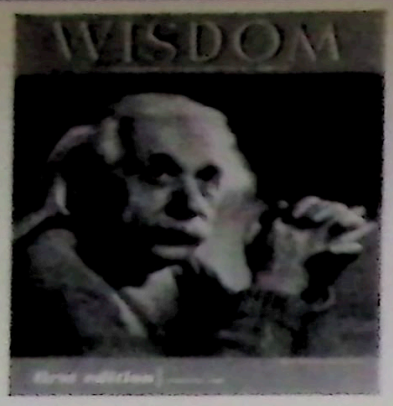
and other timeless articles magnificently illustrated

YOUSUF KARSH

Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

TWENTY-FOURTH ISSUE

TWO DOLLARS



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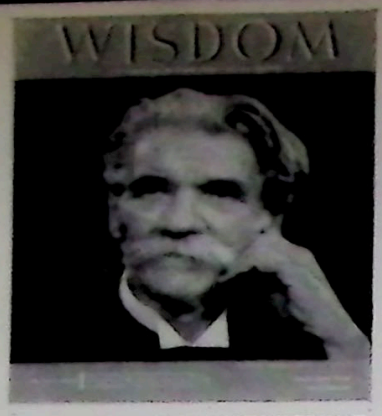

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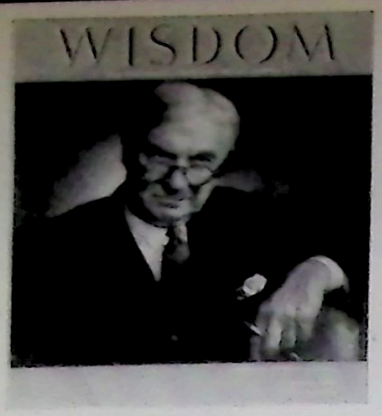

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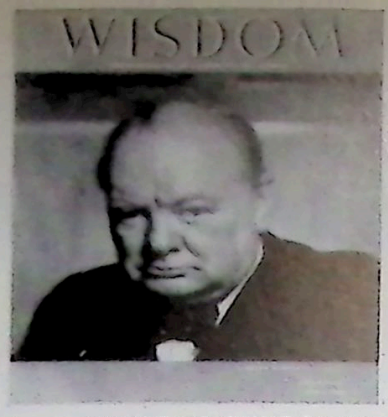

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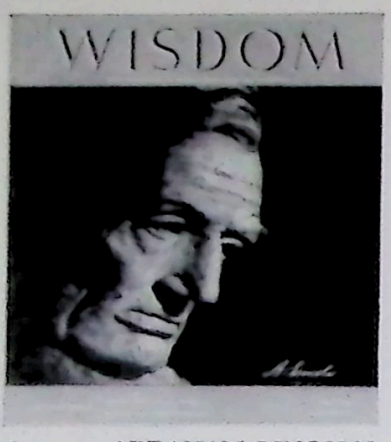

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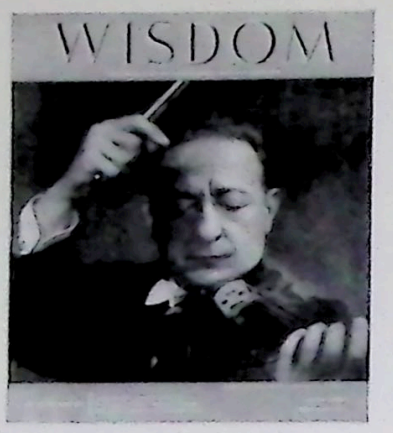

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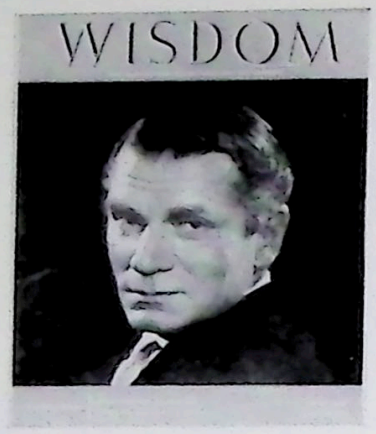

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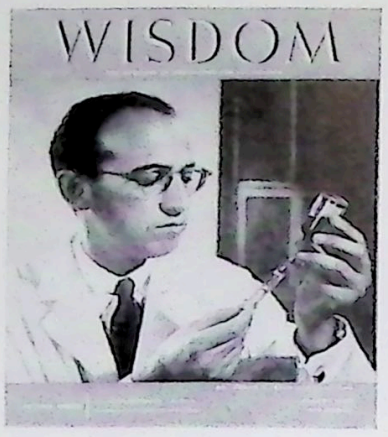

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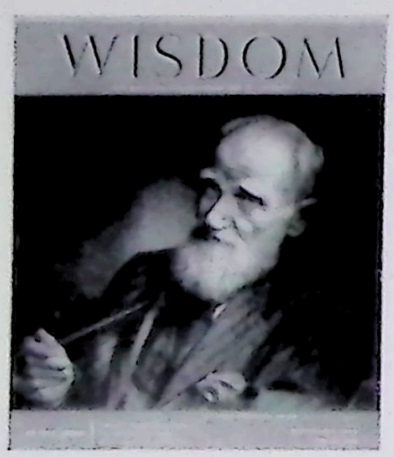

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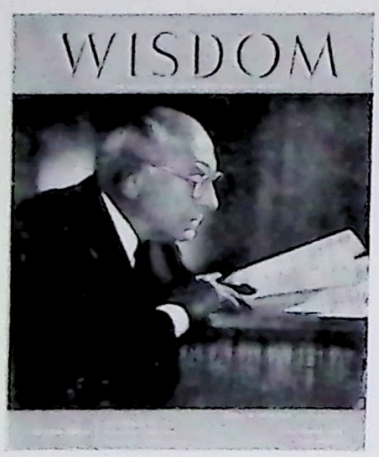

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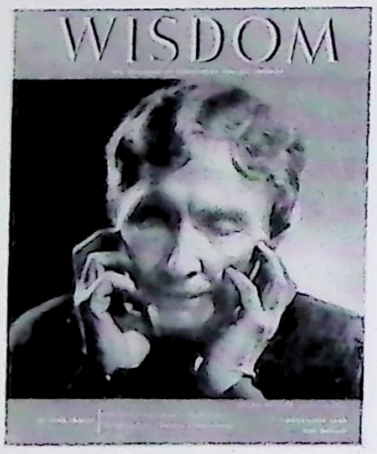

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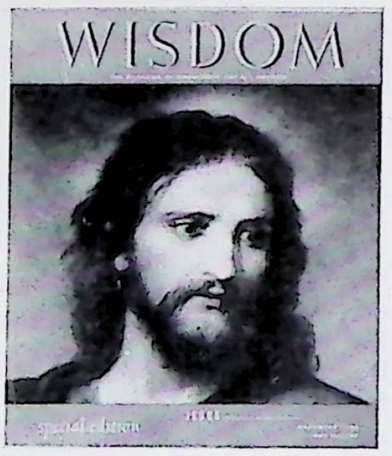

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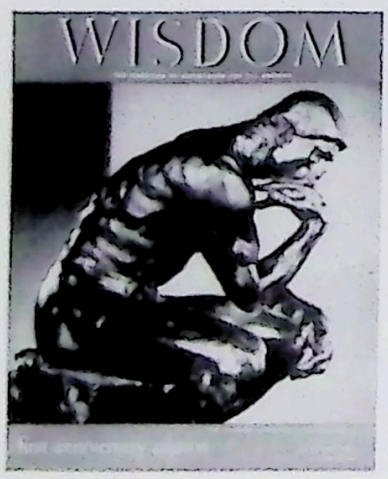

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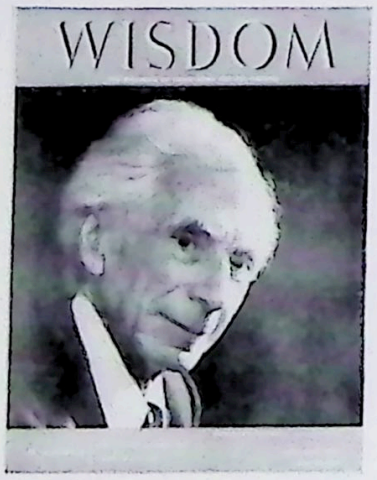

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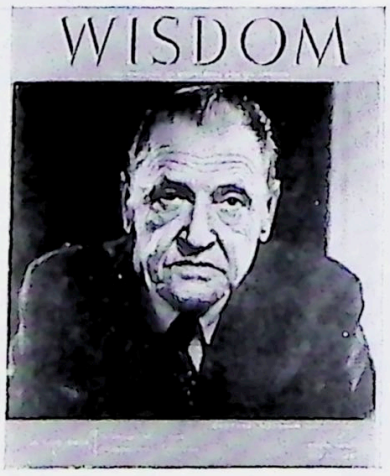

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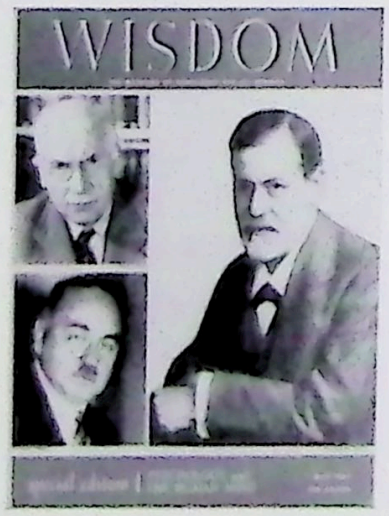

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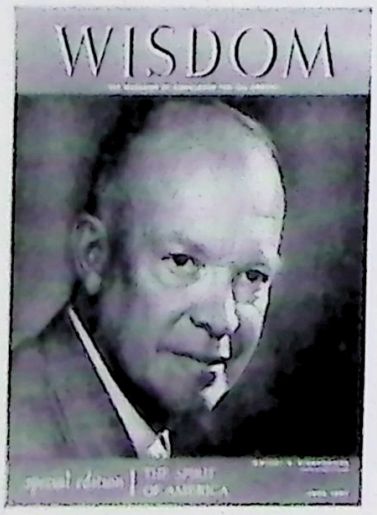

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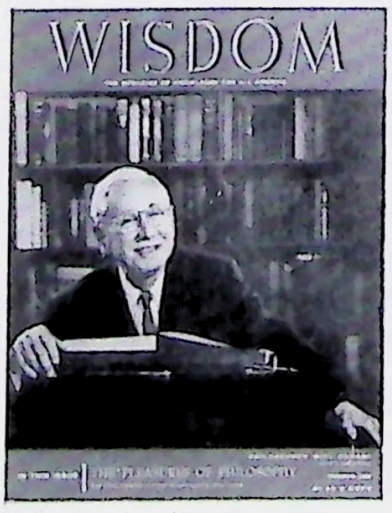

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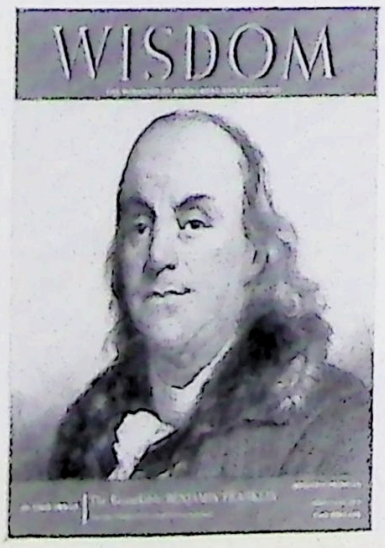

23 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

24 YOUSUF KARSH

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE AND EDUCATION

LEON GUTTERMAN
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE: PHOTOGRAPHY	*J. R. Whiting*	3
KARSH . . . *Greatest Photographer of all Time*		10
PORTRAIT OF KARSH		12
A KARSH PORTFOLIO		16
KARSH ON PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE		30
FROM THE WISDOM OF . . .	*Yousuf Karsh*	32
THE BIOGRAPHER: *Portraitist with Words*	*Emil Ludwig*	34
WAYS OF THINKING	*Dr. F. K. Morris*	36
WHAT WE DON'T INHERIT	*A. Scheinfeld*	37
STUTTERING . . . *What causes it*	*Dr. S. Blanton*	38
TYPES OF PERSONALITIES	*L. P. Thorpe*	40
MORE LASTING THAN HAPPINESS	*Reverend A. P. Davies*	44
DREAMS: FACT OR FICTION	*J. A. Hadfield*	46
BOOKS CARVE YOUR CHARACTER	*M. E. Deutsch*	48
WHY 100,000,000 AMERICANS READ COMICS	*W. M. Marston*	50
DEMOCRACY AND OPPORTUNITY	*H. Van Dyke*	53
THE USES OF MONEY	*J. A. Magner*	54
THE REAL MEANING OF CHASTITY	*J. MacMurray*	56
LIVING WITH WORDS	*J. C. Hixson & I. Colodny*	59
EDWARD MacDOWELL . . . *America's poet-composer*	*M. Bauer & E. Peyser*	60

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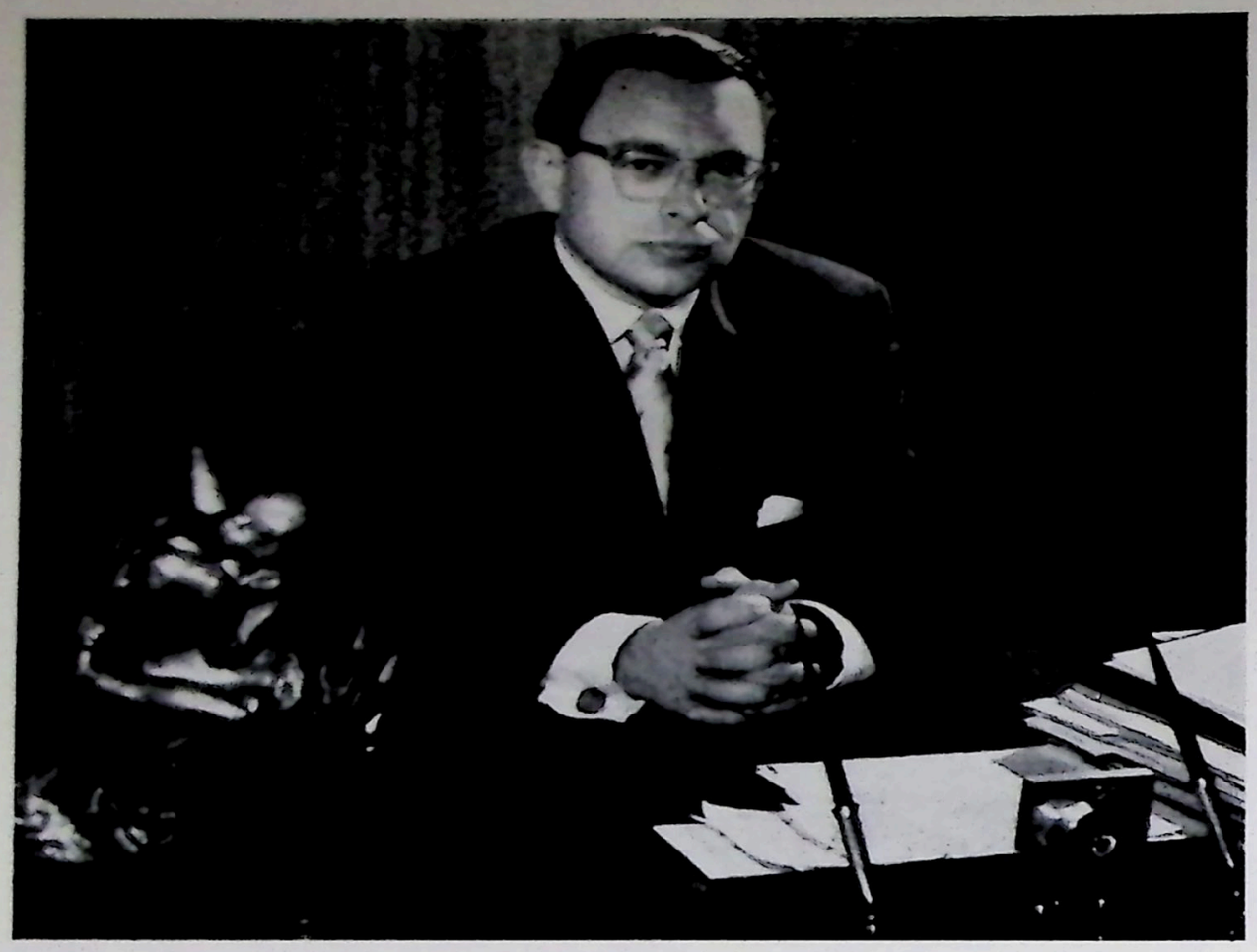


LEON GUTTERMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"An intelligent man will prize those things which result in his soul getting righteousness and wisdom, and will less value the others."

PLATO

THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD so fascinating as the pursuit of wisdom. To attain even a portion of wisdom is the highest state to which a person can aspire. To know ourselves and the world, we must know the best which has been thought and said in the world by the great observers and knowers. The distinctive character of our times lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by knowledge. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of living a good life is interesting to all men.

WISDOM MAGAZINE came into being because the instinct for wisdom is set in human nature as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for love, or beauty. So long as human nature is what it is, the attraction of education will remain irresistible. The decision to create WISDOM grew out of the knowledge that not in 25 years had an entirely new major adult magazine been published. During this period there have been many magazines, but no publisher had the courage to create a completely original publication devoted to adult education from the standpoint of both text and illustrative material, a magazine of true dignity and beauty essential to intelligent reading. WISDOM was a bold and valuable educational experiment. It was inevitable that people who truly understood education would be drawn to its distinctive character.

WISDOM refuses to underestimate the intelligence of the American public. It is an expression of the cultural life and aspirations of the American community; it is a fruitful guardian of the intellectual life of the Nation. The articles are adaptable to the needs and interests of men and women everywhere and shed light on their problems; yet they deal with timeless rather than purely temporary aspects of the modern scene.

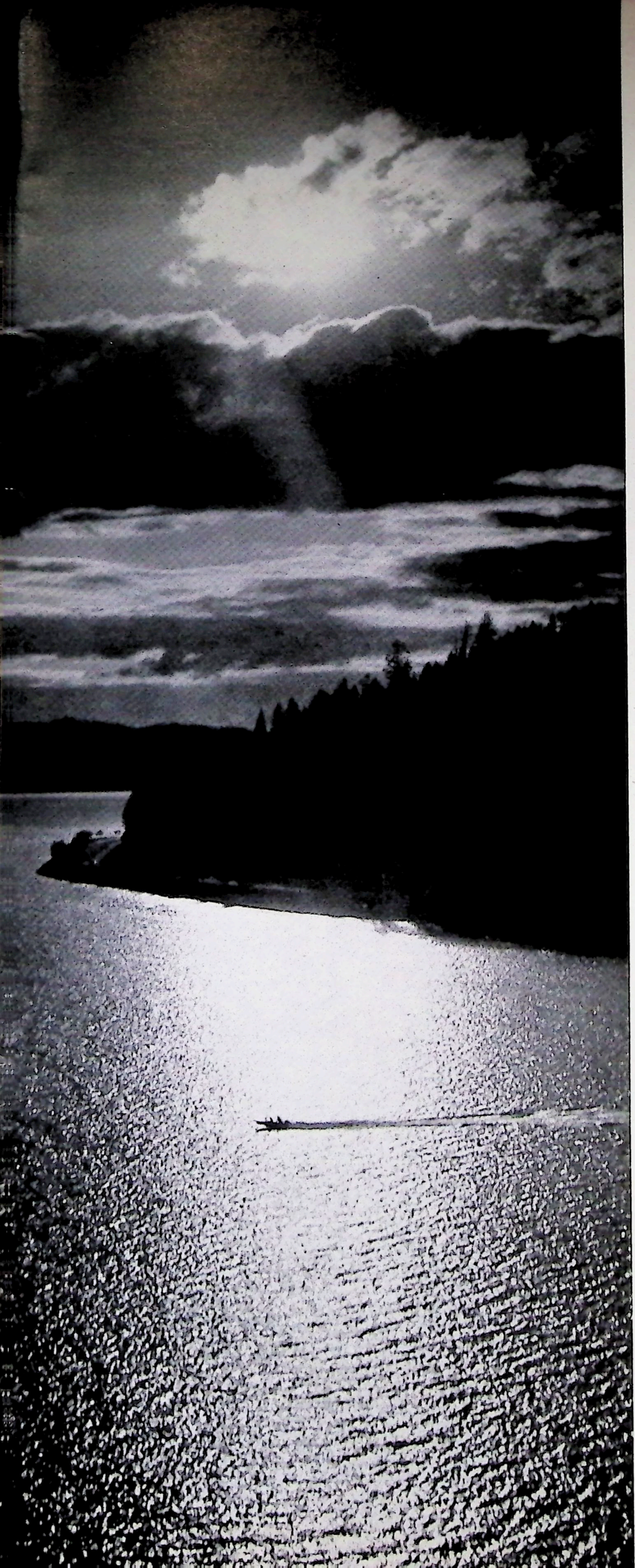
We have been guided by a single determination—to make WISDOM the best possible magazine of knowledge and education America has yet produced. This has never been an easy task. There have been enormous obstacles and many difficulties that would have overwhelmed men of less resolution. But the ideal was always there.

WISDOM must be judged in terms of its purpose. The purpose of most magazines is to make a lot of money. The purpose of WISDOM MAGAZINE is the advancement of knowledge, learning and education —and profit is irrelevant. WISDOM stands against the current of commercialism. We refuse to clutter its pages with advertising because WISDOM was created not for profit but to advance the intelligence of the human mind, to extol the cultivation of the intellect. We are not afraid to put the value of education above and beyond that of money-making. Every issue, from cover to cover, is dedicated to the best interests of American public education. WISDOM tries to get better instead of bigger.

WISDOM MAGAZINE leads to knowledge of our contemporary civilization. It strives to inspire, to instruct, to stimulate, to create, to train and mold the human mind. It brings together in one magazine the sum total of human wisdom, told clearly, stirringly, eloquently, and so expressed as to meet the needs of both the present and the future generations. It is a repository of all learning. It is a priceless treasury of the great ideas. It has the power to contribute richly to the mental life. WISDOM has committed itself unreservedly to the advancement of American education in a manner never before attempted because it has an unfaltering faith in education as the greatest of all known means for human betterment and social progress.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER



The Universal Language:

PHOTOGRAPHY

by John R. Whiting

IMAGINE A MEANS OF COMMUNICATION that would enable man instantly to show the appearance of all things more accurately than vision itself. This form of fact-transmission, or expression, despite its realism and all-encompassing sweep of detail, could also be used selectively to draw comparisons, to register social protest, to distort. Imagine this newly invented language as capable of transmitting information simultaneously to Scots, Russians, Egyptians, Kansans, Filipinos. Think of it as so highly developed technically that it could describe invisible objects, relate a sequence of events with automatic ease, and at man's will freeze an instant of time for his detailed study.

This new language, of course, is *photography*. After a little more than a century, a variation of the photographic technique introduced by Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre is now being used so widely that much of the information in the mind of virtually any civilized person is picture information. This new language is more than a chemical and optical method of making an instantaneous, accurate, penetrating, and permanent record of a subject that modern man wishes to examine or describe to other persons. As a means of expressing ideas and emotions, as well as direct facts, photography has achieved a unique distinction: it has altered the scope of the spoken and written languages, making them partially obsolete. For example, your mind's knowledge of Abraham Lincoln's face is derived, not from written accounts, but from the photographs of Lincoln by Alexander Gardner and Mathew Brady.

The camera's facts can have social impact, too. Everyone had heard and read about the Nazi concentration camps for a dozen years, but the thud at the pit of the world's stomach, the rousing of the world's anger, did not fully come until the photographs of the shrunken bodies and the horror-filled faces were published and released in newsreels in the spring of 1945.

There is a social responsibility implicit in the use of a language with such power. The very sharpness and verity of the photographic image leads to the use of the photograph for the significant; its inherent quality of believableness is a challenge to the user's sense of truth. The photograph *convinces* and *informs*.

One may consider what the photographic fact has already done. A schoolchild in a Nebraska village knows what Winston Churchill looks like. The sharecropper's eroded farm or the life of an average French family is familiar to millions of Americans. A country doctor may study color pictures of a rare skin disease or a new surgical technique. The story of the work of a senator or of colonists' opportunities in Alaska can be more alive, and reach more people, through a picture story than through a text essay. In truth, to the camera far more than to new modes of transportation is owed the world's present knowledge of its oneness.

These statements about the power of this new language may seem obvious. In a sense they have become true since the beginning of photography's second century, almost without our realizing it. The wire photo, then the radio photo, picture magazines, the training film, the educational photographic exhibit are all new. Today photography is a form of universal, democratic art, as well as an informational technic.

Precisely because of this ability to inform or misinform, persons who work with facts as words or facts as pictures must take account of this new language Its significance, its methods, its characteristics, its opportunities, and its responsibilities need examining.

One picture is not necessarily worth a thousand words. But pictures, plus related facts, plus visual presentation, do constitute the *language of photography*.

The use of multiple photographs (the picture series), all related to facts and each related to the other visually and verbally, has been the journalistic development that has made us more photography-conscious. Even with the X-ray, the motion picture, and the family snapshot this would not be so much a photographic world—the larger functional use of the camera in the field of vital information is the most significant factor. The picture magazine, the documentary photographic series, the industrial picture essay, the educational picture book, the newspaper, the movies, the slide film—these use the new language most significantly.

In truth, the camera is being used by society so extensively and in such revolutionary ways in all informational techniques that photography must now be put in the same vital series as printing, telegraphy, and radio.

In attaining this importance the camera has demonstrated two functions. It is a *tool of examination* when it performs historical documentation work, or when with stroboscopic lights it freezes the motion of a machine. On an engineering construction project it records daily progress. In the hands of a sociologist it examines patterns of social change. The camera adds to the vision of its many users when used as a mechanism of examination.

The second function of the camera is in the transmitting of facts. The photograph is a *tool of communication.* It explains radar, or the people of a far-off land, to the average magazine or newspaper reader. It instructs by means of the picture textbook or the film. It transmits news details, social facts, or the trivial day in the life of a chorus girl with impartiality. The expanded force of the camera, when multiplied by the printing press, the slide film, or the traveling exhibit, has become a new method of informing. This method of using the camera, plus the method of using the photographs, is the new visual language at work.

These two functions, examination and communication, are seldom independent. The cameraman cannot work alone, solely on a technical plane of lenses, films, and chemicals. If he digs deep, he must know his subject matter and its implications. If he works in conjunction with other specialists (for a publication, for an industry, for an educational project), then not only must he have wider knowledge, but also the participating worker, whatever his task, must understand the real use of the camera.

When you speak of the *photographer*, there need be no distinction between the amateur and the professional. Photography is a skill in the hands of persons who may be primarily something else. The photographer who is *only* a photographer is not a photographer. The magazine photographer is first a journalist. The scientific or architectural photographer may be a scientist or an architect using the camera as a specialized tool. All photographers are part of their world. They know that there are two keys to the language of photography, akin to the examining and transmitting functions of the camera. The two keys with which one works are meaning and technique.

Consider the '40's. The new horizons of science have excited the common man. Amateur photography and having one's picture taken are crazes, and newspaper and magazine publishing are expanding like a slow-motion explosion, with the illustration of events for everybody the latest idea. People are thunderingly aware of concepts such as democracy and widespread education—and everyone is picture-conscious.

The decade of Daguerre, the 1840's, is described in this way as accurately as the 1940's—for a parallel may be drawn between the early years of photography and its most recent period of growth into a language. *Photography's two great booms, a century apart, have been broadly alike.* Consider the times after the announcement in 1839 of a new process for making pictures. The Morse telegraph was first demonstrated as practicable in 1844 and soon was pushing its wires of communication across the states. Elias Howe perfected the sewing machine in 1846, the year the Smithsonian Institution was founded. The first women's rights convention was held in Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. The *Illustrated London News*, still a famous picture magazine today, was founded in 1842. In America, *Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion* was started in 1851, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* in 1855, and *Harper's Weekly*, "A Journal of Civilization," two years later. In 1853, the New York *Daily Tribune* estimated 3,000,000 daguerreotypes were being made annually. It was a photographic era.

Many threads of development had to be spun before today's use of the camera—the photographic language—was possible. Technical progress in the optics and chemistry of photography; mass reproduction methods; the development of news, candid, and documentary photographic thinking; the amateur with his eye for lively pictures that no longer imitated paintings, the motion picture; a powerful publishing industry supported by national advertising; the exile of European picture journalists to America; an American editorial method; the maturing of a body of readers who were less interested in escapist fiction and more interested in the drama of events—each of these threads is woven into the fabric that can now

be called informational photography and which is still incomplete.

Social developments, just as technical inventions, have many fathers. The first public announcement of the Daguerre photographic process was at the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences of August 19, 1839. An hour afterwards, opticians' shops all over Paris were crowded with would-be amateur photographers in search of the necessary equipment. But even though the French government gave his method to the world, free of patent royalties, and Daguerre achieved a lasting fame, one should remember that Aristotle and Leonardo da Vinci had described the *camera obscura*, Johann Heinrich Schulze had experimented with the light-sensitivity of silver salts in 1727, and Thomas Wedgwood copied paintings and profiles on glass by the agency of light on nitrate of silver. Nicéphore Niepcé actually made the first photograph, in the sense of a recognizable picture, and later worked with Daguerre to make the process more practicable. In England, William Henry Fox Talbot began working long before the birth-year of 1839 and invented the negative and positive process which made possible more than one print from an original. (But the words "negative" and "positive" were proposed by Sir John Herschel, who contributed the discovery of hypo, to fix the photographic image permanently.)

Similarly, the idea of using pictures to tell a story and relate facts has many fathers. Primitive man hammered out his picture story on the walls of a cave in southern France near the Vézère River, making the Cro-Magnon picture record of reindeer, the wild horse, and the wild bison. In North America the Mayas and the Aztecs told stories in picture writing. The Renaissance was a period when artists changed written words—biblical literature—back into pictures. Giotto told the story of St. Francis in frescoes in the upper church of Assisi. Ghiberti's bronze doors for the Baptistry of Florence illustrate ten stories from the Old Testament in an exquisite panel whose style and impact a picture magazine editor might well envy five hundred years later.

This age-old picture awareness, surely, explains the eagerness of early cameramen to explore the visual world. The camera and the microscope were combined within a year or two of Daguerre's announcement; from the beginning photomicrography was foreseen as one of man's important tools. Samuel F. B. Morse and John William Draper opened the world's first portrait studio in 1840 in New York; it was on a roof so that sunlight would be available for the necessary exposures of five minutes. It was Morse who taught Mathew B. Brady the mechanics of photography fifteen years before that notable cameraman and businessman began his documentation of the Civil War.

News photographs were a natural development. Had not Abraham Verhoven's *Gazette* of Antwerp printed woodcuts of battles, sieges, and hangings as early as 1619? When a great fire laid Hamburg in ruins in 1842, Hermann Biow made photographs — forty-six of them. The only way they could be published was through copying by a woodcut artist; but published they were. As early as 1846 the striking picture, *Clay's Farewell to the Senate*, was published—one of the first notable engravings copied from daguerreotypes. The get-rich-quick idea that brought thousands into the new field of photography was balanced by the careful workers—not only the technical experimenters, but those who intelligently used the camera. Thus it was that Brady, who added showmanship to his new profession of making striking portraits, made a fortune. As early as 1851 he received a medal from the London Exposition for the technical excellence of his work. He sought to photograph the notables of his day as though he were an editor assigning himself to work. The idea of the assignment is as important as the results in terms of pictures. Brady's presidents, all but one from John Quincy Adams to William McKinley, are a picture story of America in themselves.

Photography was in the wet plate stage when Roger Fenton, a lawyer and first secretary of the Royal Photographic Society, bundled up thirty-six chests of equipment—different sizes of Ross lenses, bellows cameras, 700 glass plates, chemicals, a stove, and a portable darkroom—and ventured on a momentous assignment: photographing the Crimean War (1854-56). A few pictures had been made during the U. S.-Mexican War, but they were not "war" pictures. Fenton photographed the ordnance wharf at Balaclava, with the "modern" touch of pyramids of cannon balls looming in the foreground, and included soldiers in his pictures when he could get them to stand still long enough. Copied as woodcuts, 159 of Fenton's pictures were published.

The searchers for new picture ideas were at work. Fenton had made a journalistic approach to the Crimean War. But it was also suggested to Lord Panmure, Secretary of State for War, that the camera might be a military observer, and he dispatched Ensigns Brandon and Dawson to Sevastopol as military photographers.

In 1858 Gaspard Felix Tournachon, whose "credit line" name was *Nadar*, took the first aerial pictures from a balloon; aeronautics and photography were combined. Nadar later took the first pictures by electric light, in the sewers and catacombs of Paris. The travel photograph was already well established. Monsieur N. P. Lerebours, Optician de l'Observatoire in Paris, sent photographers to Greece, Syria, and Egypt to indulge his passion for foreign views as early as 1840. He acquired 1200 daguerreotypes, some of which were published in book form. Gustave Flaubert went with photographer Maxime du Camps to Egypt and Nubia in 1849, and du Camps made great pictures of architecture and sculpture. A genuine documentary task was undertaken by Victor Hugo and his son Charles Victor during their exile on the isle of Jersey. They recorded the landscape, people, architecture, geological formations, interiors of houses, and plants. The camera was rediscovering the world.

The ideas for pictures soon outstripped technical facilities. Color photography, pictures of the moon's surface, infrared photographs, and countless scientific applications of the camera were not only envisioned, but planned in sound theory almost as soon as the new art was announced. The techniques were developing at their pace too—with fast German lenses such as the Petzval, introduced for the designer in 1841 by Voigtlander. As emulsions were speeded up, with wet plates soon replacing daguerreotypes, the exposure times were shortened—semi-instantaneous photography thus was a tool of the picture documentarian before the Civil War.

The status and public recognition of photography as an important new art was high. The first photographic exhibition had been held in Paris in 1844. The famous Crystal Palace exposition in London in 1851 was high-lighted by photographic examples. Societies and publications devoted to the new art were organized in many countries. Foremost artists acclaimed photographic prints for their detail; Delaroche had exclaimed, "From this day painting is dead." The critics, the scoffers, and even the 25-cent daguerreotypers

only served to underline the great importance of the new medium.

Even the painters who thought of the camera as merely an accessory, in the early decades before photography consciously and sharply split away from tradition, sometimes made great works with the lens alone. Everyone knows the story of David Octavius Hill, commissioned in 1843 to paint a picture of the First General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, which was to include the portraits of 400 clergymen. He decided first to make photographic portraits as models for his painting. Today the painting is forgotten, but the photographs (which were made with the collaboration of Robert Adamson) are among the most famous camera portraits in the world.

Hill's work, and that of a notable woman worker, Julia Margaret Cameron, two decades later, did not immediately create a stir in photographic circles. In this, as in other cases, the influence on photographic thinking came long after—yet the camera was being used creatively, to reflect a personality, to deliver an impression of a subject by an artist. For portraiture is one part of photography's language.

Brady's portraits, on the other hand, created an immediate sensation and were influential. The reasons: they were widely seen, and his financial success was evident and thus worth trying to imitate. Making many prints and copying in the form of magazine engravings and lithographs were the only mass-reproduction methods available to spread Brady portraits.

President Lincoln had listened to Brady's requests for permission to undertake a gigantic documentation of the Civil War—a venture that meant virtually sacrificing the imposing portrait business that Brady operated in New York and Washington—and wrote his credentials on a slip of paper: "*Pass Brady.*"

These two words, however, were not the only resources Brady had for his monumental undertaking. As the picture editor of the most enormous photo-assignment of that time, "Business Man" Brady already knew senators, cabinet members, generals, and notables whose co-operation was to prove essential. He was the most famous photographer of the day, and he had financial reserves to back up his flamboyant ideas. These resources were to be strained; later he estimated the war cost him a hundred thousand dollars. He had to build and equip "Whatisit Wagons," as the blue-uniformed soldiers called them. He had to put a staff in the field, transport them and supply them, and sometimes train them in the use of darkrooms on wheels. "I had men in all parts of the army, like a rich newspaper," he later said.

These men, whose work has often been credited to Brady even though he was often hundreds of miles from their cameras, deserve credit. Some names are familiar in their own right: Louis H. Landy; Alexander Gardner, who photographed Lincoln five days before his assassination; James Gardner; T. H. O'Sullivan; and T. C. Roche. At one time Brady had as many as twenty operators in the field, usually working in pairs—one for the camera and one for the darktent. Brady himself made photographs, but it was as an organizer of a genuine documentary job that he covered the Civil War.

Thus the camera, a quarter of a century after its excited introduction to the world, was still most used as an *examiner* of facts—the transmitting of picture information remained the work of sketch artists. These ingenious forebears of today's picture magazine photographers lived a dramatic, well-paid life, for it was their drawings that made the great picture magazines of the middle nineteenth century.

Less than three years after the Daguerre process set the world to talking about pictures, Herbert Ingram started the *Illustrated London News*, and soon had the phenomenal circulation of 66,000 copies weekly. (The famous *Illustrierte Zeitung* in Leipzig came only a year later.) Ingram introduced special artist-correspondents. They were ready at any time to rush to any part of the British Isles or abroad to sketch important places and happenings. Three special artists were sent to the Crimean War so that Englishmen could pay their sixpences every Saturday and see the battle's clash—which still had more clash when drawn than when photographed. The sixpence also bought portraits of popular favorites, theatrical scenes, and social and sports events.

One of Ingram's artists, a twenty-seven year old wood engraver named Henry Carter, came to the United States, leaving his job as chief of the *Illustrated News* engraving room. He worked on *Gleason's Pictorial* and then on illustrated theatrical programs for P. T. Barnum. By 1855 he was ready to start his own paper. Using his artist's *nom de plume*, he called it *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and sold it for ten cents. The news pictures were often only two weeks old; to save time one drawing might be cut up into two dozen pieces and carved in wood by twenty-four artists. The circulation climbed to 164,000 before the Civil War. Price: 10 cents. There were as many original text stories as in any of today's magazines or newspapers, and the pictorial variety was equally entrancing: expeditions, prizefights, humor. The "picture story" was there too.

The price of *Leslie's* dropped to six cents in 1857, when the publishing firm of Harper started its picture paper. Less lively than *Leslie's*, *Harper's* was rated higher for literary content. Neither paper was all pictures: serial stories, poems, jokes, and essays were important, even though they cost the publishers little. But front page pictures, then double-page pictures of such new topics of interest as the first steamship *Leviathan*, plus a dramatic quality in the reproduction of the wood engravings, kept the circulation over the 100,000 mark during the Civil War.

These early picture weeklies didn't, of course, use the picture story as we know it today—but the news impact of a photograph was part of their formula. *Harper's*, for instance, in March of 1864, printed a double-spread drawn from Draper's photograph of the moon, and a marveling article about the scale in the drawing: 100 miles to the inch. It *was* remarkable!

In any of the years before 1880 the picture weeklies would use in each issue two or three photographs as models for drawings. The subject variety was wide, but all this was during a period of limited camera capabilities and before half-tone reproductions.

The daily newspapers also used woodcuts when editors wanted to reproduce photographs. Joseph Pulitzer bought the New York *World* in 1883, when its circulation had sunk to less than ten thousand. Editorially Pulitzer set the *World* on fire, and pictorially he made newspaper history. Woodcuts filled the pages and metropolitan circulation records of a quarter of a million copies were soon set. After Morrill Goddard introduced the picture page and the use of giant-size pictures to the Sunday *World*, which he edited for Pulitzer, half a million was the figure. By the time of the Spanish-American war, when William Randolph Hearst was in the

picture-and-news battle, sensational editorial treatments that included lavish picture features made circulation peaks of a million copies a day. The financial success of the Pulitzer-Hearst revolution in journalistic methods is not more important than the typographic and news-handling currents that they started. American journalism was changed in even the most conservative quarters.

The next great stage in journalistic history came with the technical development of the half-tone engraving. The New York *Graphic* had published the first newspaper half-tone in 1880, but the development was slow, and it was not until almost the turn of the century that a rapid, true method of photographic reproduction was in general use. Indeed, until 1906 the Boston *Transcript* still used zinc or line etchings. The publishers didn't believe the public would be interested in photographs.

There were highlights of the newspaper use of pictures: in London, in 1890, the *Daily Graphic*, first picture daily, was started. In 1903 Lord Northcliffe, already the fabulously successful publisher of the London *Daily Mail*, started a "tabloid" for women. When it failed to catch on, he changed it overnight to a picture paper and made it the first truly great and famous illustrated daily in the world, the London *Daily Mirror*. The publishing value of the news picture had risen a thousandfold in sixty years.

Pathé began making newsreels in 1910. The closeup and long shot were developed by Cameraman D. W. Bitzer and Director D. W. Griffith (and camera angles changed in the middle of a scene!). The motion picture was becoming fluid, alive. By the '20's, photography was a growing, expanding force in more than sophisticated circles.

The publishing industry was developing too. William Randolph Hearst had added his sense of picture values, his insistence on better reproduction, and the hiring of fresh talent at high prices. His newspapers used whole pages of pictures. Adolf Ochs had imported the first rotogravure presses to America and started the New York *Times* roto section in 1913; circulation gained 100,000 copies. Pictures of the war and the bustling American people were so plentiful and so eagerly followed that he started *Mid-Week Pictorial*—the picture magazine of the '20's which might have sold millions of copies if the deadening hand of old newspaper formulas had been lifted from it, and if the necessary editorial and camera talent had been secured.

Elsewhere ideas were stirring, and a sort of editorial ferment was setting the pre-conditions for the modern picture magazine. *Time*, a weekly of condensed, colorful, backgrounded news, presented in formula form, started in 1923. The *Reader's Digest* exploited the capsuling of information. The *National Geographic* published portfolios of explorers' pictures—and had a million readers. *Vu*, in France, combined text and pictures in a sophisticated manner. The *Illustrierte Zeitung* of Berlin was selling well over a million copies. The *Illustrated London News*, although still using some sketches, had switched to photographs; like Ochs' *Midweek Pictorial*, it preferred the single picture or the arbitrary group of newspictures on a single subject. It was beginning to be said: "Someone should start a picture magazine in America."

This wasn't a new idea. Like any other publishing idea, it needed the right editorial tempo, the right combination of advertising possibilities and potential reader interest before it could work. A similar idea in England, 1893, had led George Newnes, a successful publisher, into less than success. He had literally used the name *The Picture Magazine*, but the right combination of the formula's components wasn't there. Yet, the first issue had promised: "The picture magazine will consist, as its name implies, entirely of pictures—selected from the best publications of all countries—thus forming a unique review of the world's illustrations, grave and gay. The magazine will comprise Fine Art Pictures by the greatest painters, Humorous Pictures from the best comic journals, Portraits of celebrities, Pictures of strange and striking places, and Pictures for children."

Inspired by the freedom of action possible with the miniature camera that came along in the '20's, Dr. Erich Salomon worked at a new kind of press photography. "Candid camera," the London *Graphic* labeled it, when Dr. Salomon took pictures of sleepy governmental figures at a 2 A.M. conference at The Hague. This bald, heavy-set publicity director of the German publisher Ullstein started taking pictures, with a 1928 Leica, of famous people yawning, eating, joking, playing. He knew people and was able to get into Geneva conference rooms when other photographers couldn't; he knew the new photographic idea and was able to give readers the feeling that they had been behind the scenes. Candid pictures became the rage. *Fortune*, Henry Luce's next venture after the success of the news-magazine, *Time*, brought Salomon to the U. S. With him came the "candid" idea.

Thomas McAvoy, Washington photographer for *Time*, hyper-sensitized film with ammonia for greater speed, loaded his Leica, and stood next to a dozen newspaper photographers while they waited for President Roosevelt to finish signing his mail. While the other photographers yawned, or smiled at his efforts, McAvoy snapped twenty pictures of Roosevelt—using no special lights. The new president talked, smiled, gestured, and was his natural self; while the other photographers were waiting for the usual posed shots, McAvoy had a scoop.

Temperamental orchestra conductors, snoozing ex-presidents, the Senate, shy children, un-shy chorus girls, and friends eating corn-on-the-cob—all became the target of candid cameras across the land. Meanwhile in England, the German picture magazine idea was being tried in a fresh way by Stefan Lorant, former editor of the *Munich Illustrated*. Lorant, bringing to *Picture Post* his ideas about telling a whole story or showing a whole situation in pictures, used new and imaginative photographers—many were ex-amateurs. He broke away from fanciful, tricky layouts, and presented his pictures in a straightforward, direct manner. Lorant's *criteria* became those of many succeeding picture editors:

> "That photographs should not be posed; that the camera should be like the notebook of the trained reporter, which records contemporary events as they happen without trying to stop them to make a picture; that people should be photographed as they really are and not as they would like to appear; that photo-reportage should concern itself with men and women of every kind and not simply with a small social clique; that everyday life should be portrayed in a realistic unselfconscious way."

Something of the candid camera idea, though not strictly the picture story, had been appearing in *Vogue*, too. Condé Nast, the publisher, starting with Baron de Meyer in 1913, and including Steichen, Sheeler, Man Ray, Anton Bruehl, Cecil Beaton, Lusha Nelson, and many another noted and fertile photographer, had

drawn talent to his publications. The talent, expressing itself in pictures people could look at without being bored, drew readers and advertisers. One of the talented photographers was Remie Lohse, who studied art in Denmark, became an early candid camera master, and began photographing for *Vogue* in 1933. The nightclub with its dramatic lighting, emotional tension, and contrast of professional stagecraft with vapid audience, became one of the subjects Lohse sought out. Others were dances, weddings, dinners—the social festivals of the spending class. *Vogue's* three photographic trends were the candid, the exotic, and the surrealistic. Its unique contribution was the imaginative use of color photography.

By the late '30's, the publishing background for an ambitious journalistic venture was well defined. It is quite possible the business opportunity impetus would have been sufficient, but the very depression that was making business innovations come slowly was also focusing attention on a new concept of the function of photography: the documentary "school" expanded in the lean, tense years of the '30's. The factual record idea of Brady, Atget and Hine, supplemented on the one hand by the expanding technical possibilities inherent in the miniature camera with its rapid, informal approach, and on the other by a pressing social need for examination, grew mightily. The growth, during a period of sit-down strikes, bread lines, and dust-bowl emigrants in battered jalopies, was one-sided for a time, so that documentary photography became "protest photography." But pinched faces and broken pumps were not the whole of this concept of the camera document.

There was, for example, the motion picture branch of the documentary school. Robert Flaherty in 1920 took an assignment from a fur company, made of it the sensitive, factual, and ground-breaking *Nanook of the North*—a simple how-people-live motion picture, built around the life of a walrus hunter.

Joris Ivens, the Hollander, Paul Rotha and other British directors, such as John Grierson who first used the phrase "documentary film," and two American film-makers helped build the documentary film. Julien Bryan's approach was simple: adding *imagination* and *searching knowledge* to the travel film. Paré Lorentz, in *The River* and *The Plow that Broke the Plains*, utilized the brilliance of the imaginative camera to light up the problems of fumbling society fighting a non-fumbling Nature. In 1935 came the application of financial resources, the slick touch of "experts" and promotion, and the Luceian discovery that dramatized facts made more money than fiction—*The March of Time*. "It is a chapter in the history of pictorial journalism," said the *Time* editors. As part of the growth of the documentary idea, it certainly was.

This was photography by the year 1936: the news picture had great power under exceptional circumstances and the New York *Daily News* and *Mirror* had both been built as mass circulation picture papers. The minature camera—the Leica, Contax, Rolleiflex especially—plus the fast lenses and films, had put new technical resources at the disposal of even the amateur cameraman. The world of publishing for profit had gone far beyond the days of *Harper's* and *Leslie's*, and had new editorial strength, yet the picture magazine in America was waiting to be born. The motion picture, the documentary photographer, and the European picture magazine had broadened the horizon of those who could see with a camera and made the public picture-conditioned.

The first picture in the first issue of the new *Life* magazine dated November 23, 1936, was of an obstetrician holding up a new-born infant by the heels. The symbolism is less important than the fact that such pictures then seemed difficult to take, and a certain journalistic daring was required to publish them. The willingness to forget taboos and traditions became especially noteworthy two and a half years later when *Life* printed The Birth of a Baby in a complete sequence and managed to be banned in several cities for thus being too educational.

Other features of the first issue of *Life* included nine pages of reportage by the famous Bourke-White on the boom-town atmosphere around the Fort Peck dam construction project in Montana. There was a sky chart showing "overweather" stratoliners in an as-yet imaginary flight, Chinese children in school, color pages of the paintings of John Steuart Curry, and four pages on Helen Hayes, who was then starring in *Victoria Regina*. There were straight news pictures, and twenty-two photographs showing the life of the Black Widow spider, "Life Goes to a Party," and oddities.

Thus, to over-simplify the first years of the new picture magazines, *Life* changed to pretty girl covers, and the romping, boisterous *Click* and *Look* gradually began to work on the serious side of the street. *Look's* first issue had featured Gypsy Rose Lee, scenes in shady houses in Japan, and seven shots from the famous French newsreel which happened to catch a skidding automobile as it sideswiped a baby buggy and killed a woman. In a later year, *Look* was to examine such subjects as civil liberties and birth control, and still later was to add an editorial innovation of real merit: the personality story with marginal notes written in by the subject himself, commenting and quipping on his own write-up.

The second century of the camera was entered upon, in 1939, with the picture magazine as the most influential user of photography in the world. The old-timers in the weekly and monthly magazine field, with rare exceptions, were beginning to change to at least a picture-awareness. The revolution in magazine publishing had also begun to change textbooks, slide-films, and newspapers.

Photography in this, its second century, still develops. The documentary film not only grew to major artistic proportions in World War II, but it fathered the training film, which cut specialized education time into fractions. The picture magazine, apogee of functional photography, virtually became a weapon of war. The German *Signal* was the most difficult to counter of all propaganda media. The American Office of War Information published *Victory*, a de luxe *Life*-size picture magazine that luxuriated in four-color pages; *U. S. A.*, a miniature magazine that featured both text and picture articles; and *Photo-Review*, a straight, simple picture magazine which, like the others, utilized the selected but incontrovertible fact as an antidote to Nazi propaganda. All these, as well as an *OWI* news-picture service to neutral and allied newspapers all over the world, showed a news-hungry world what the American arsenal was building; how democratic institutions worked; what American people were like in their own communities. They also high-lighted the importance of photography as a universal language.

The growth of the picture magazine over the world in the past decades has been the concrete example of the working marriage between photography and journalism. Its influence on adult education, such desirable feelings as world co-operation, or the study of ways to solve social problems haven't been measured yet. ♦

KARSH

greatest photographer of all time

"Karsh, you have immortalized me."

LORD BEAVERBROOK

YOUSUF KARSH OF OTTAWA, CANADA, needs no introduction to the readers of WISDOM, or, as a matter of fact, to the world today, for his living portraits of great men and women which have appeared regularly on the covers of WISDOM, month after month from its first issue, have brought him world-wide fame and admiration. Thorough mastery of the camera, coupled with a genius for capturing his impressions on film has established him as the greatest portrait photographer of all time.

Everyone acknowledges the excellence of Karsh's work, and his pictures speak for themselves. Of all contemporary artists, Karsh is the most likely candidate for immortality. He has made an authentic and absolutely authoritative commentary on our age, for he has revealed to us with brilliant clarity the kind of men and women who are supremely great in our century. No one who has seen these portraits can fail to be astonished by the nakedness of their veracity. When history reaches out for an understanding of these individuals it will use Karsh's portraits.

Karsh's photographs reveal a great deal of the keen personality and the most individualized approach to emerge in the field of portraiture in many years. Karsh is an astute director, a Cecil B. De Mille of the still camera. He is in complete command of his sitting at all times. He is an intense dramatist, by nature and craft. A Karsh portrait is not placid. Everything around and about Karsh radiates his personality. Karsh's dramatic personality seeks out and finds its equivalent in his subject.

"In theory," Karsh says, "the artist should never need to explain himself or his work. His medium of expression is his own free choice and whether it be photography, architecture, sculpture, music, literature, the results of his skill and perception should speak for him and for themselves. A symphony is made to be listened to; a building to be lived with; a portrait to be looked at. Each should be sufficient in itself. In theory there should be no reason to explain.

"In practice, however, this simple rule of aesthetics does not seem to work too well, particularly when the art is that of photographing portraiture, and more particularly when the collection of portraits includes many of the great ones of our time. In such instances, I have learned, interest usually goes beyond the portrait to embrace the subject, the circumstances of the sitting, and even the photographer himself.

"During the past few years it has been my good fortune to meet many of the world's most distinguished men and women, and with few exceptions they have proved on acquaintance to be vital, interesting, and human. In photographing them I have used the camera to portray them both as they appear to me and as they have impressed themselves on their generation. These portraits, therefore, can be considered as contemporary historical documents, and it is on this basis that I would like my work to be judged. If they are viewed in that light, I believe that the portraits can be considered successful. In these, I feel that I have secured studies which present the individuals not only as they are but seem to me.

"I am often asked how I obtained some result, and generally I am at a loss to give a concrete answer. Obviously, the management of lights, background, and camera play decisive parts, but there are other important factors, among them the mood and reactions of the sitter and the degree to which I succeed in making him feel interested and at ease. This in turn involves conversation and a certain amount of stage management, but when I try to recall just what it was I said or did to get a certain happy effect, it is only rarely that I remember. In the studio my deliberate actions are probably the result of long technical and professional experience; the others, more

instinctive, are probably outgrowths of my life and background."

Born in Mardin, Armenia, December 23, 1908, Karsh's boyhood years in that country embraced the terrible periods of the massacres of 1915–18. In 1924 he was brought to Canada. After schooling in Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, he was sent by his uncle to Boston where he studied photography.

In 1933 Karsh opened his present studio in Ottawa and in 1939 was married to Solange Gauthier of that city. Through his wife he became interested in the Ottawa Little Theatre and, of significance to his career, in the lighting as used to delineate the moods and character of the actors. His theatre interests led to contact with Lord Duncannon, son of the then Governor General of Canada, who was active in theatrical production work. This contact resulted in bringing before the Karsh lens Lord Duncannon's parents, and later other persons prominent in Ottawa Government circles.

As the fame of Karsh's work spread, members of the Canadian Government, visiting statesmen, and other dignitaries came to him to be photographed. In December, 1941, Prime Minister Winston Churchill was photographed by Karsh on the eve of Churchill's speech before the combined Houses of the Canadian Parliament. Publication of the Churchill picture immediately brought Karsh into international prominence.

Increasingly important assignments came both at home and abroad. Recognition by the Canadian Government of his outstanding contributions to Canadian art and culture came in 1947 when he was invited to become one of its chosen citizens and to accept one of the first Canadian Citizenship Certificates on behalf of the Province of Ontario. This honor changed his status from that of a British subject residing in Canada to full citizenship.

A clue, perhaps to the measure of Karsh's genius is contained in the words of Lord Beaverbrook who said, on seeing a Karsh portrait of himself, "Karsh, you have immortalized me."

Yousuf Karsh is many men. He already is a legendary figure in the history of photography. A sensitive man with peculiar, almost uncanny eyes—mystery, beauty and poetry are to be found in their depths—he holds great admiration for the strong, and deep sympathy for the weak.

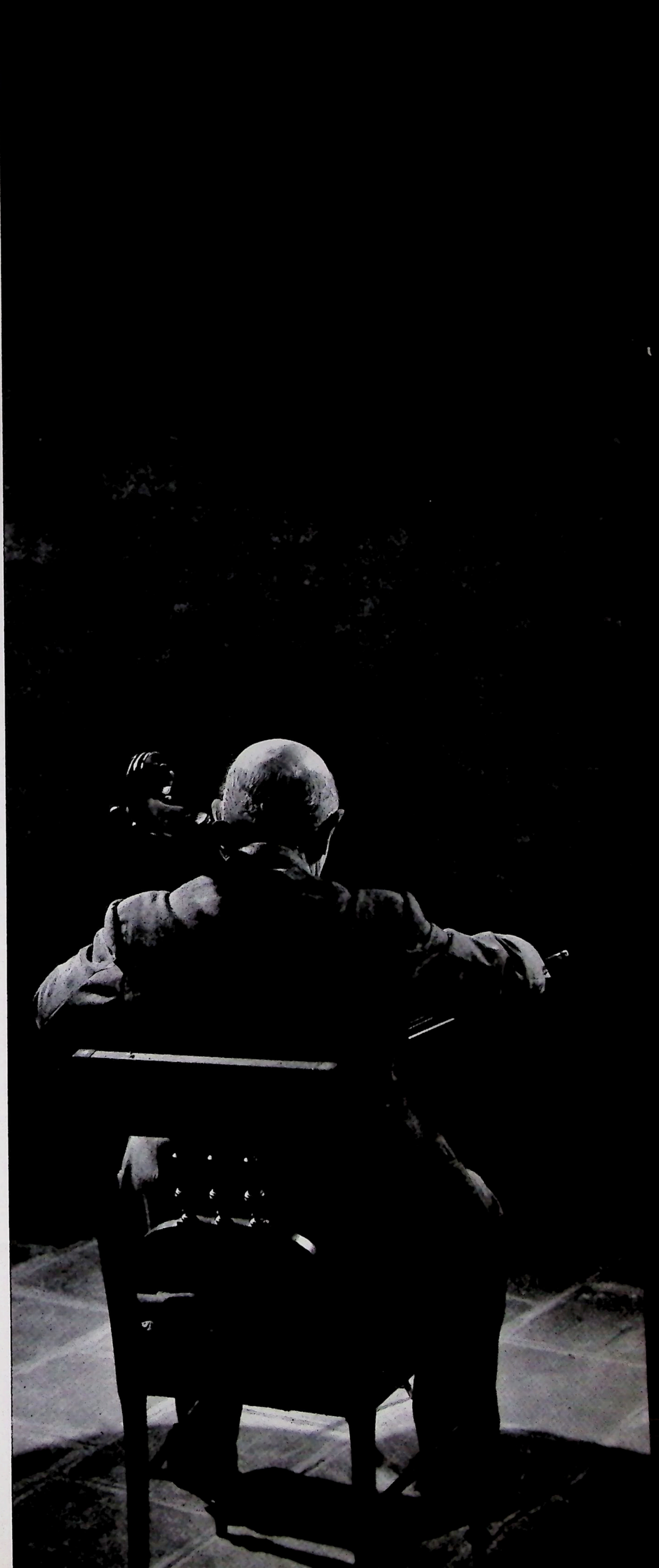
Karsh is resourceful and quick-witted. He is a suave conversationalist. He uses this ability to ease himself through many a tight photographic spot in handling difficult subjects.

Karsh is a diplomat. He is polite and sensitive enough to put his subjects at ease with his concern for their physical problems. You would travel far before meeting a man whose conversation and general bearing are more immaculate and proper than Karsh's.

Karsh is energetic. He is possessed of almost incredible vitality. He bounds around seeking to mentally engage his subject just before he takes a picture. His obvious interest in the subject stimulates a similar response.

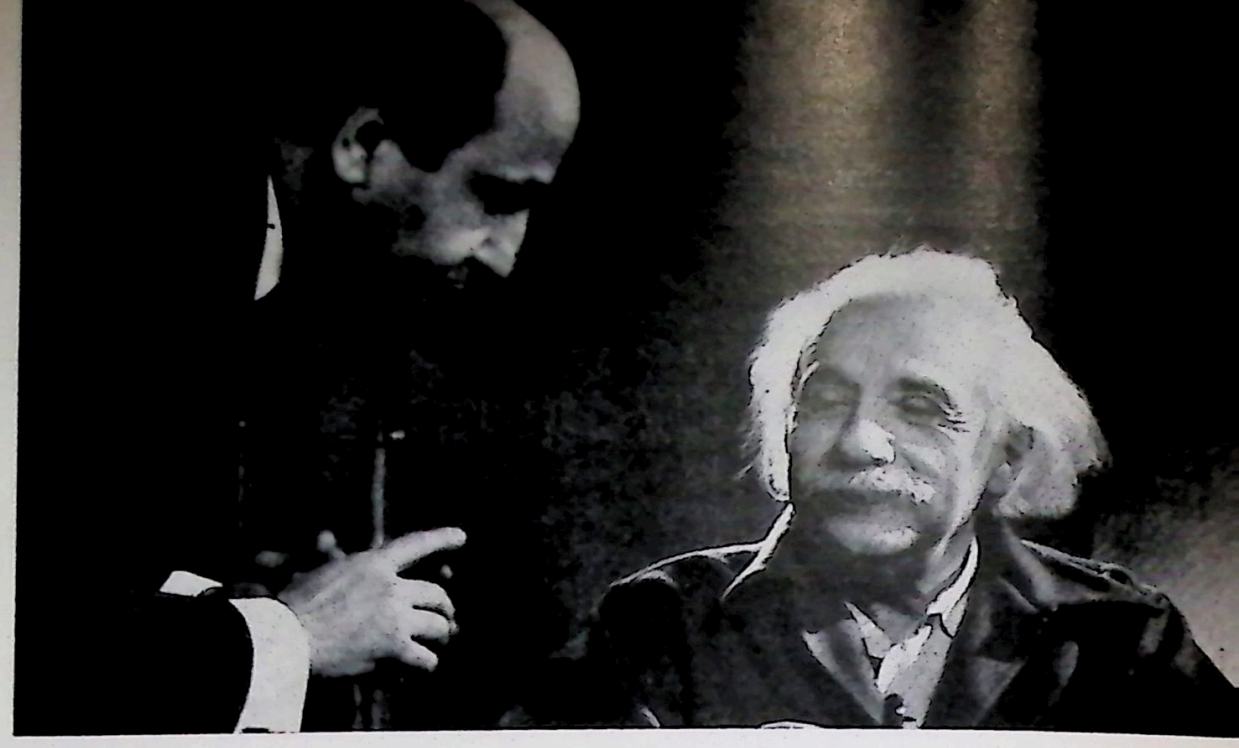
One carries away with him a feeling that there is something in Yousuf Karsh—some mystic quality, something more subtle than even poetry—that one would fail to communicate in any appraisal that might be attempted. He is so gentle, so courteous, so tolerant, too; like a man confident of himself and his public. He is also so certain of uncertainties.

An utterly unselfish man, who affects no poses, whose physical condition is eloquent testimony of wholesome living, whose clear eyes flash wisdom and understanding, whose voice is pleasant and earnest, Yousuf Karsh, whose spirit is not likely to grow old, conceives it to be his business in the world not especially to take pictures, but rather to spread good ideas and good thoughts with the aim of contributing his share of human happiness and enlightenment. No wonder he is happy to be alive in the Twentieth Century—a photographer-scholar whose hermitage is the world, whose companion is mankind. ♦



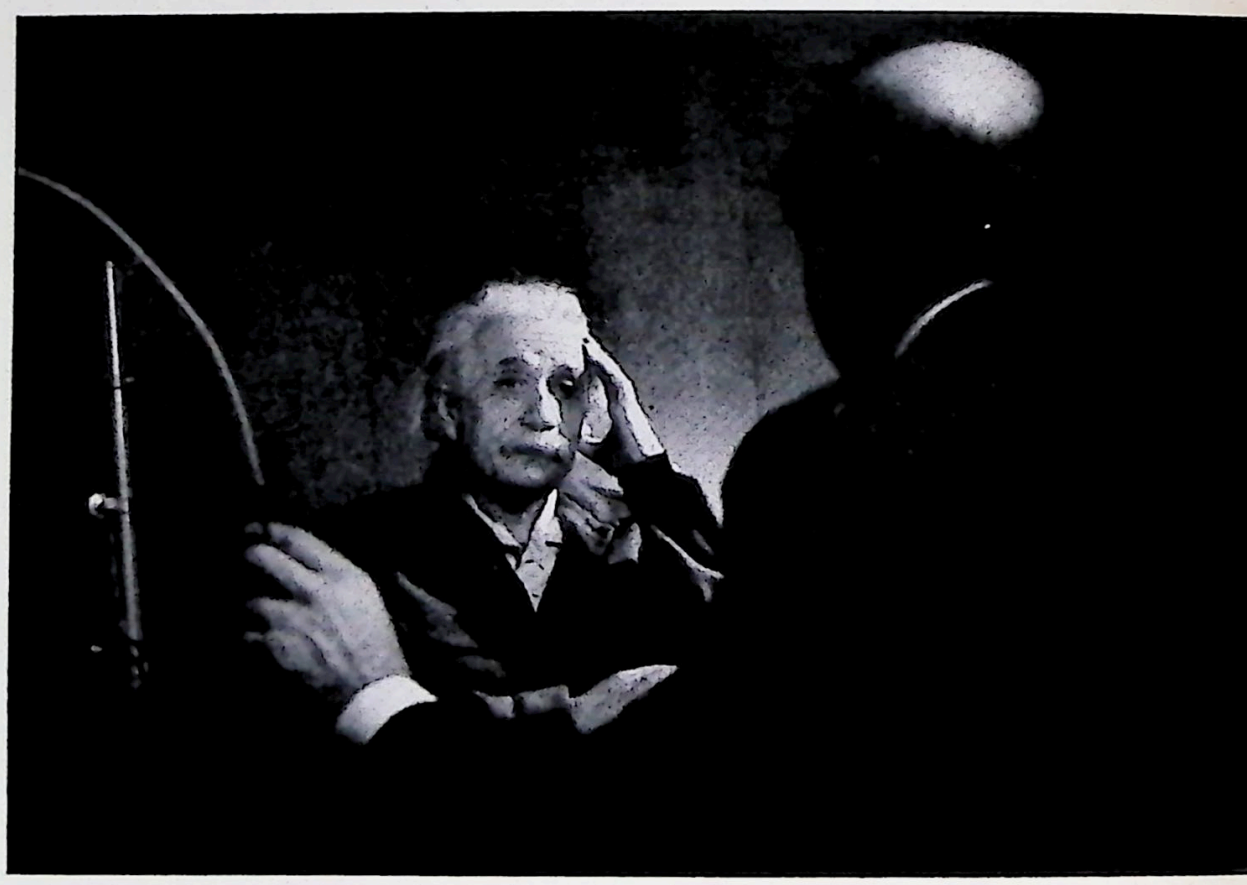
Cellist Pablo Casals by Karsh

PORTRAIT OF KARSH



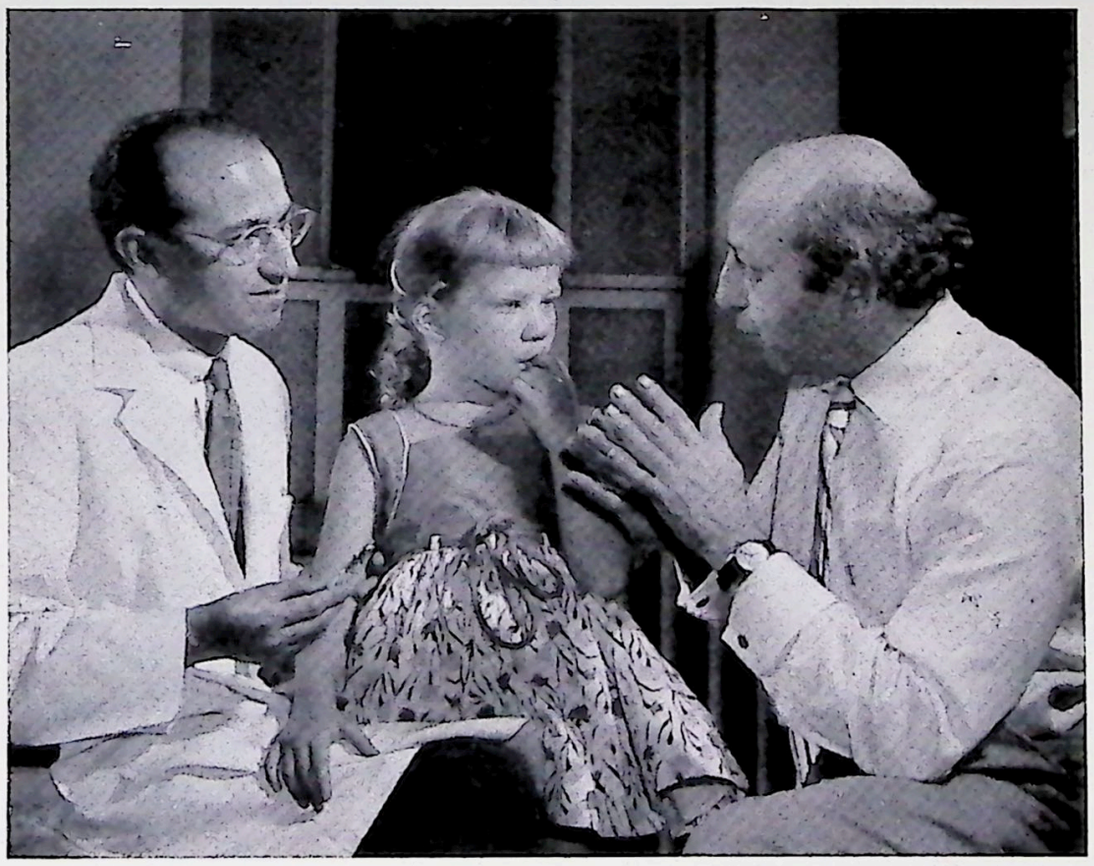
Karsh deliberately induces widely differing moods in his subjects. The eyes of Einstein convey laughter, above, and gravity, below.

Meet Karsh the contemplative. His portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip were used as a basis for the design of postage stamps (background) commemorating the Royal visit to Canada.



Though Karsh seems casual and relaxed as he chats with Jeanette Macdonald, he is intently studying the lighting conditions before making her portrait.

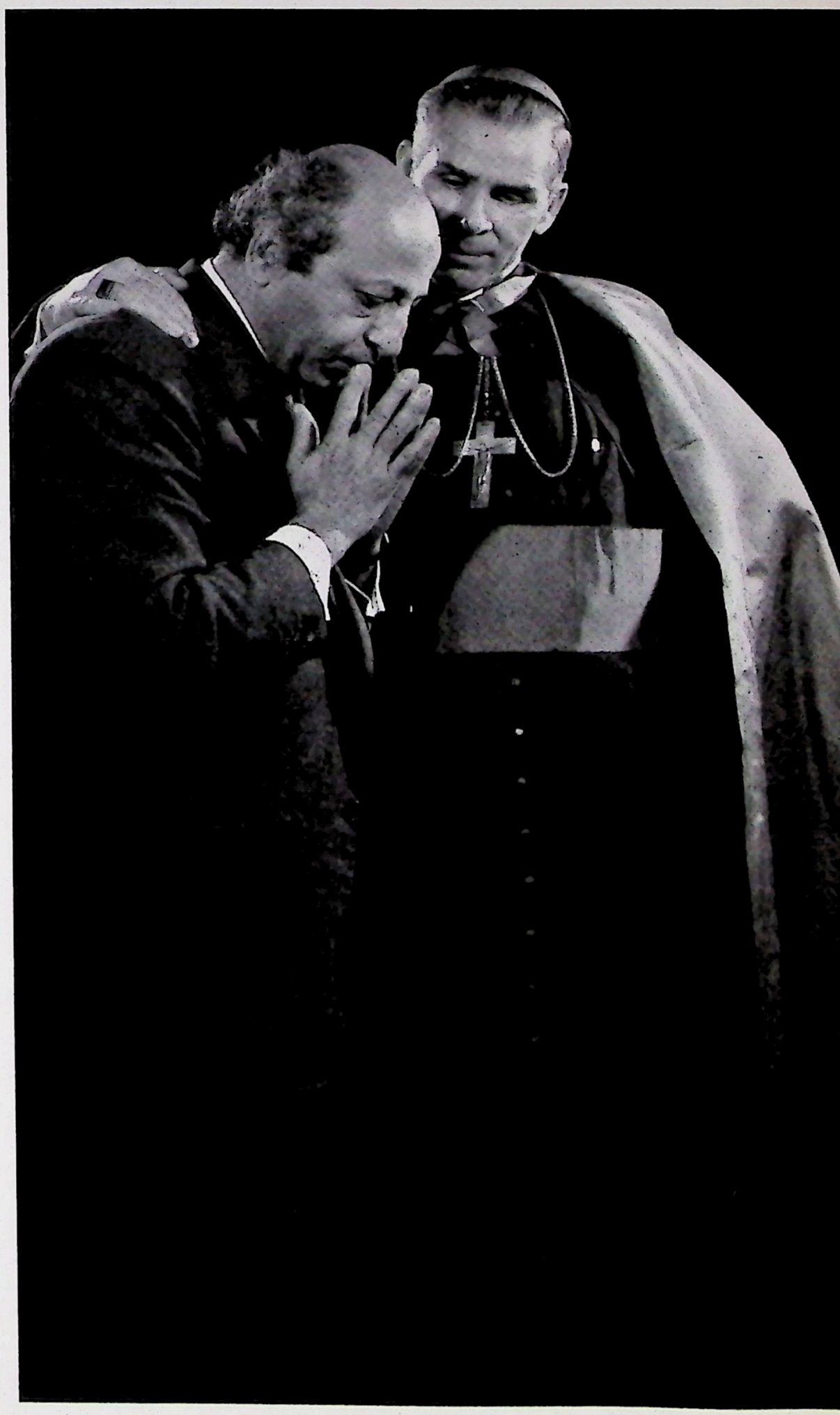
Augustus John, famous British painter, finds that photography with Karsh can be fun.



Before posing Dr. Jonas Salk, Karsh finds it necessary to soothe the anxiety of a small "patient."

Two faces of destiny: Schweitzer the serene, Karsh the determined.

Karsh demonstrates for Bishop Sheen the pose he wishes to capture.



Karsh explains the effect he is striving for as Gina Lollobrigida looks on attentively.

Off duty, Karsh the photographer becomes Karsh the gardener, as he relaxes with his wife in the grounds of their home at Rideau River, near Ottawa.

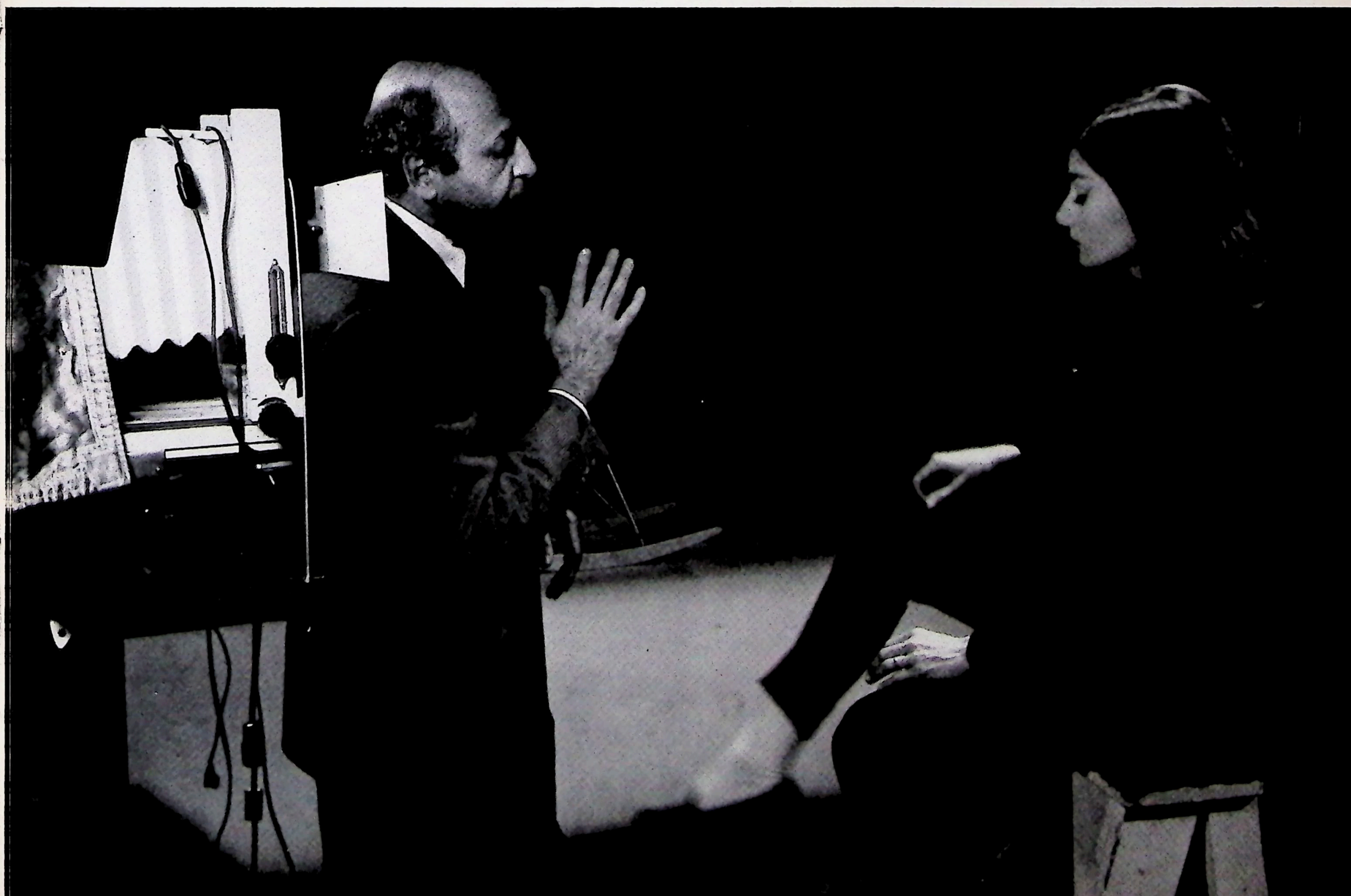
Karsh will go anywhere in the world for a picture. He tracked down Ernest Hemingway in Cuba.

Field Marshal Montgomery asks Karsh for a professional criticism as they examine a collection of pictures.

His genius and charm have won Karsh many friends in high places. Here he shares a story with the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada.

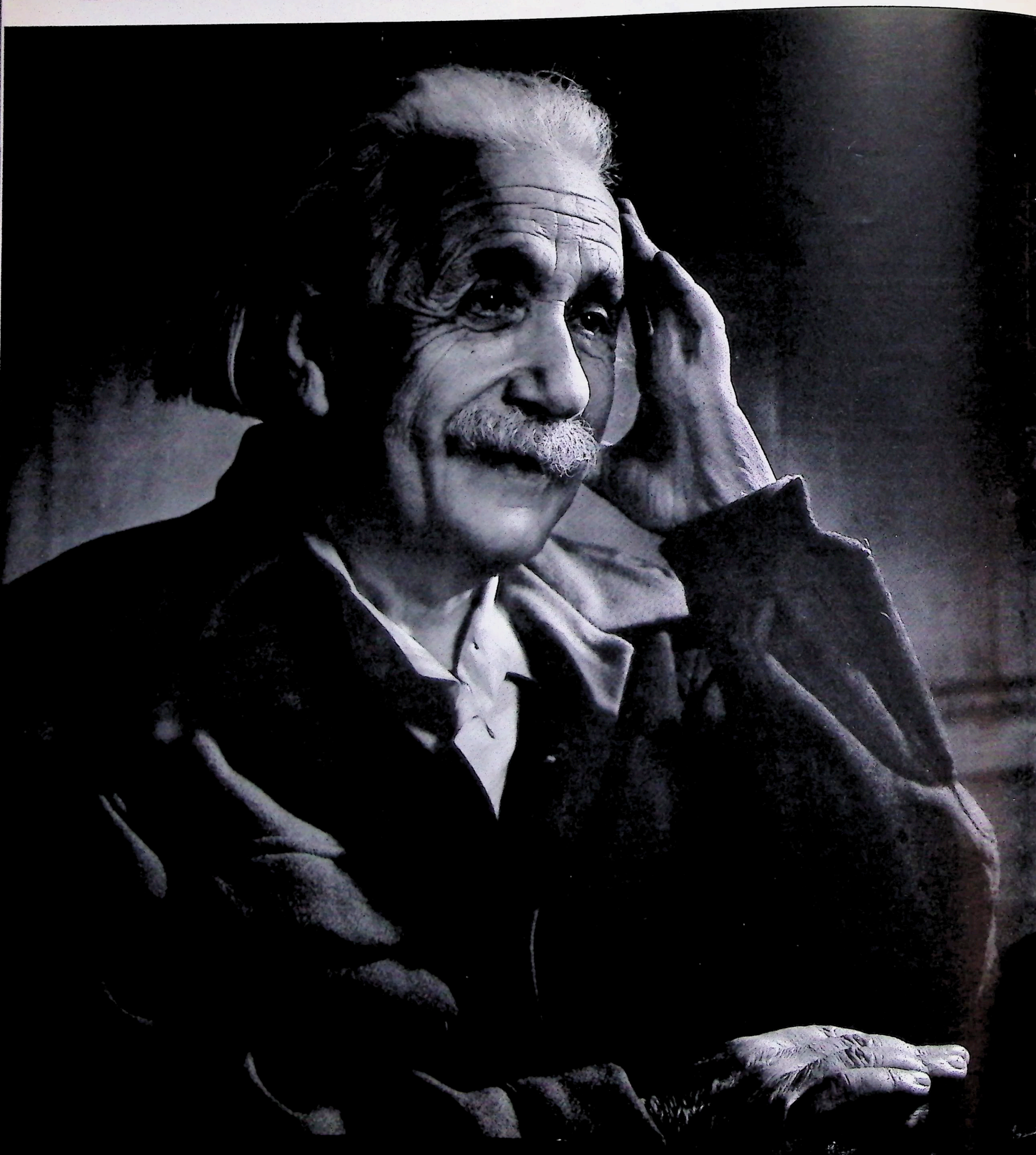
An interlude during the filming of "The Ten Commandments" with Cecil B. De Mille, right, and Charlton Heston, finds Karsh in a receptive mood.

Finally, Karsh the perfectionist. To Audrey Hepburn he says, "Please move a little to the right"—a simple request which may transform a picture into a master portrait.



A KARSH PORTFOLIO

ALBERT EINSTEIN

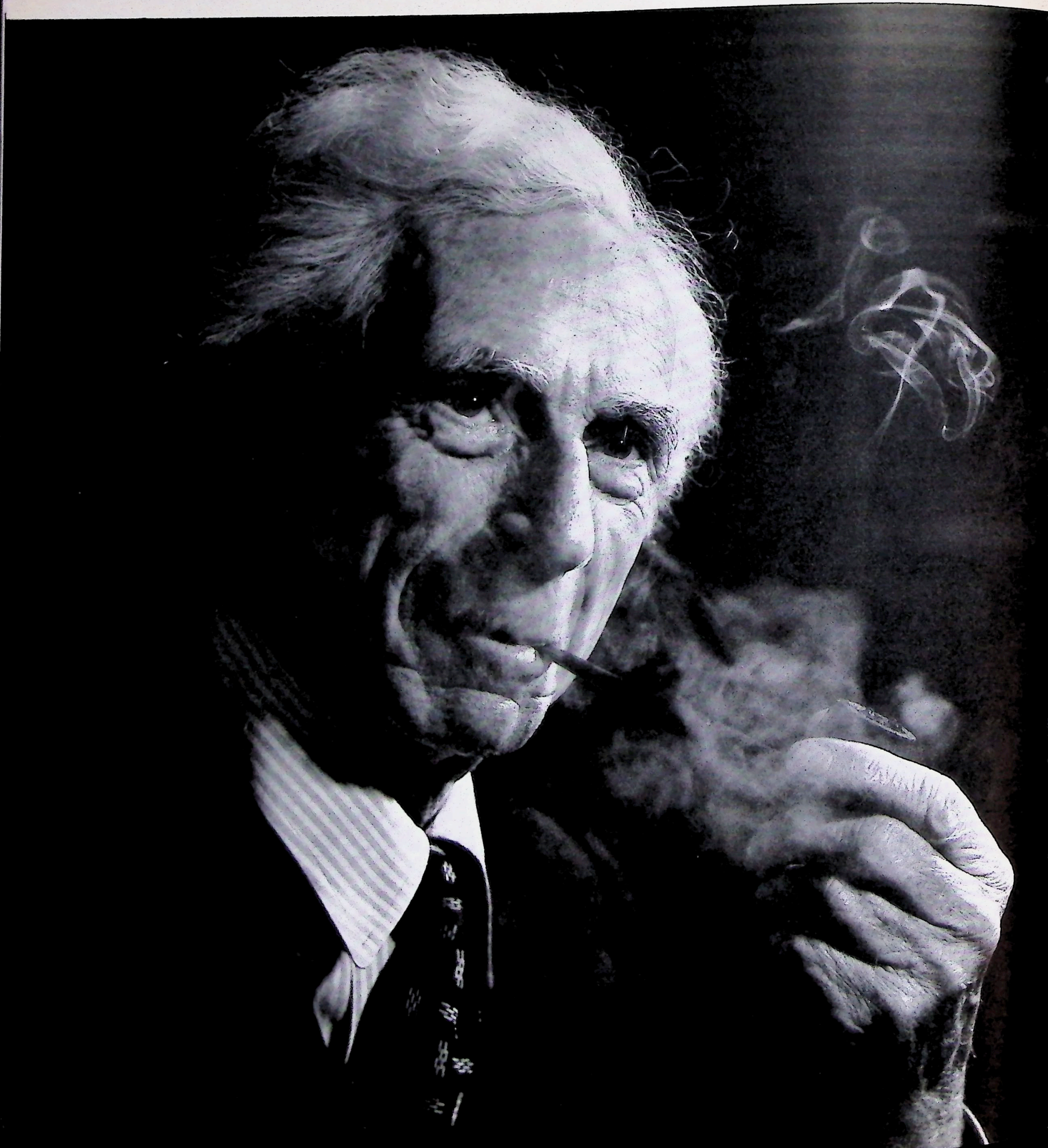


ALBERT SCHWEITZER

BERNARD BARUCH

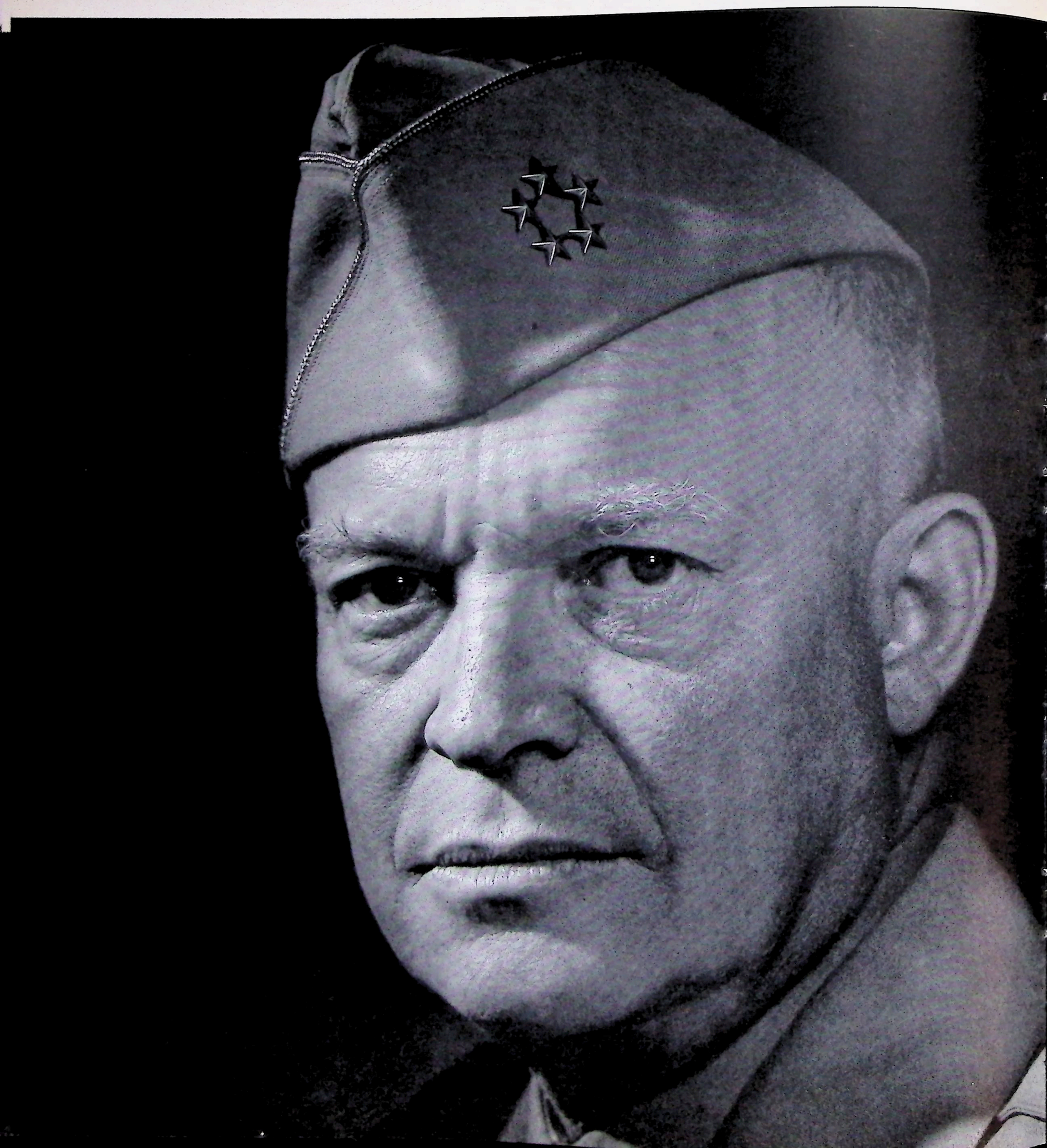
WINSTON CHURCHILL

BERTRAND RUSSELL



ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

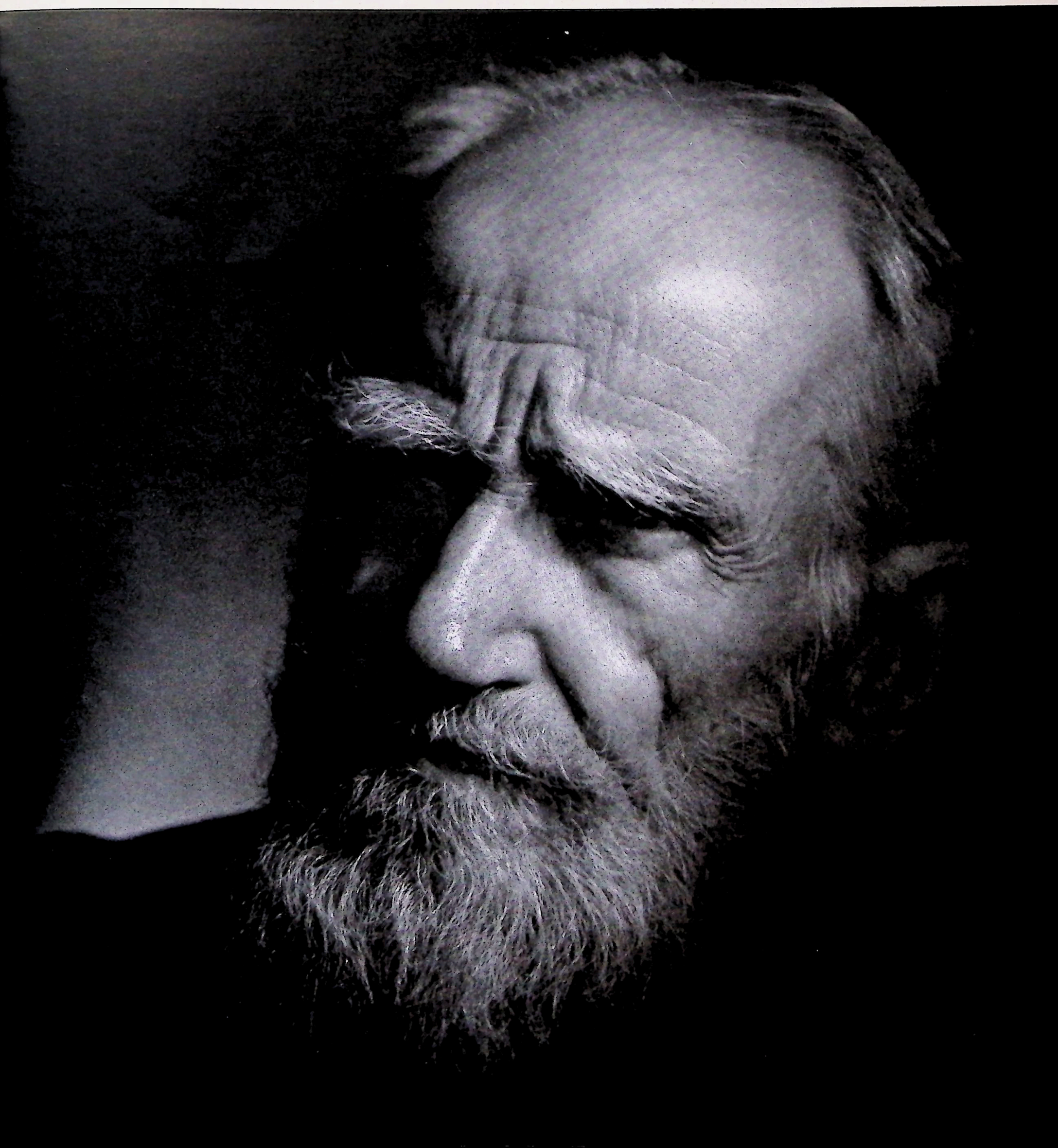
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



WILL DURANT

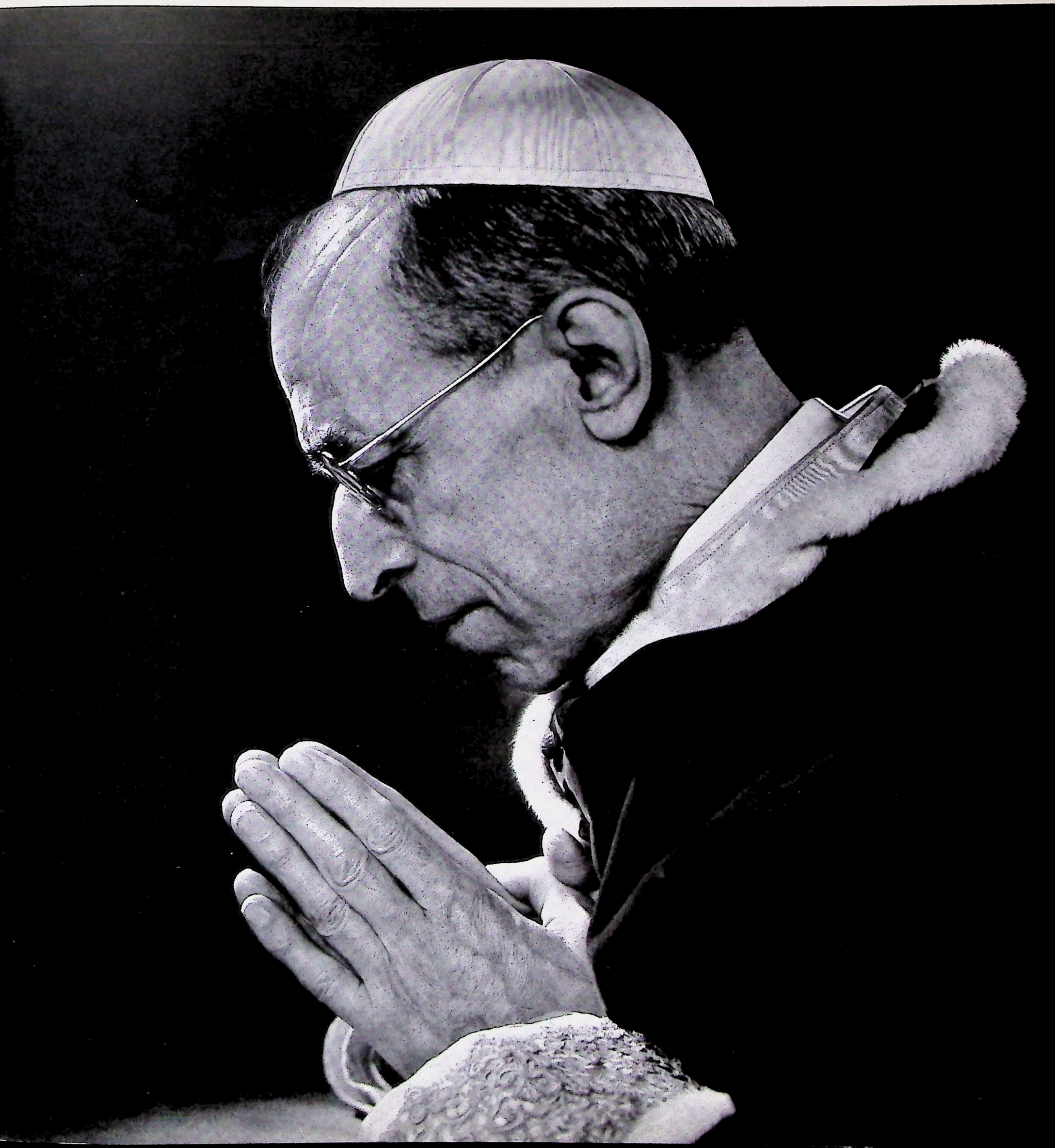
HELEN KELLER

CECIL B. DE MILLE

ANNOUNCEMENT:

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT with Photographer Yousuf Karsh, mat finish prints of these magnificent portraits of the world's great men and women of WISDOM *as they appear in this portfolio, as well as of any of the Karsh cover portraits of previous issues, as shown on the inside covers of this present edition of* WISDOM, *are available for framing.* (*See back page for details.*)

POPE PIUS XII



KARSH *on Photographic Portraiture*

"From my earliest days as a photographer my interest has been in the human face. My chief joy is to photograph the great in heart, in mind, and in spirit, whether they be famous or humble."

YOUSUF KARSH

WHEN I ENTER MY STUDIO, or the studio substitute into which my portable lights will transform any room in no time at all, I often feel like a doctor. The relationship between photographer and sitter is altogether not unlike that between physician and patient; for to the successful photographer with the right camera manner the sitter will bare his soul as a patient bares his body in a doctor's consulting room.

Ideally, no one must be present when this happens. An assistant (and often I dispense with my assistant altogether when a sitting begins) should be silent and invisible or else he will disturb the sensitive, delicate atmosphere of uninhibited closeness which any successful portrait sitting must develop between the two on either side of the camera.

But atmosphere is not enough, just as a good bedside manner is not sufficient in a successful physician. The vital thing is that correct diagnosis should be made.

Here the comparison between cameraman and doctor loses force; the doctor has too great an advantage. Photographers must "diagnose" without the aid of stethoscopes, thermometers or instruments to test blood pressure. Their diagnosis is, in fact, almost always a matter of intuitive appreciation. Ideally, the camera portraitist should paraphrase Julius Caesar—"I came, I saw, I *understood*"—and if his understanding has been right all the rest will follow, easily and without strain.

To the experienced photographer the understanding of a personality expresses itself in terms of light. Light, of course, is to the cameraman what color is to the painter; that is why one can never say beforehand how a portrait should be lit.

The method of lighting must vary with each individual sitter and even if no more than three or four lights are used, infinite variations are possible, variations that are slight, often minute, yet subtly, indefinably, different one from the other.

It has been my good fortune to welcome in front of my camera men and women of distinction who have left their mark in many spheres of activity. There were among them crowned heads; high dignitaries of the church; great soldiers and statesmen in whose hands is vested the destiny of the free world; eminent artists and intellectuals who breathed the air of the rarified atmosphere into which can climb only a select few. I have faced also, and continue to face with great relish, the hard-eyed tycoons of big business, the great visualisers of science, the brilliant stars of motion pictures.

Sometimes we meet for ten minutes, sometimes for two hours, and in that time it is my task to produce of my sitter an image that is true, not merely fleeting but of that man's inner life, his strength and weakness, a picture that will show with equal force his past, present, and even something of his future.

Written down in black and white, this sounds like painfully hard work; but of course it is nothing of the sort. I know of no excitement equal to the enjoyment of meeting someone interesting, forceful, intriguing, who has helped to make this age one of the most fascinating in history.

Of course, I prepare for each meeting before I meet the person to be portrayed. I read up all I can lay my hands on. I try to inform myself about achievements, anecdotes, gossip, rumour, hobbies, ambitions, to get a rounded picture of my sitter. Thus armed I feel at ease, certain to know at least the structure his life has taken.

At times there is an instant bridge between us, at others it is like a fencing match with thrust and parry until mutual respect is established. I have had sitters so sullen, uncooperative and unresponsive that I had to provoke them into flaring anger and force reactions by asking provocative questions. They flare up, I snap, and when they see through the ruse, peace breaks out and all comes right. Often one quality in my sitter's make-up stands out as if it were written across his forehead.

Experience has sharpened what may be that special sense with which all portraitists must be born, a sense that registers at a thousandth of a second and with tremendous focal depth the thing "to go for"—ambition, wit, wisdom, sensitivity, or force, tremendous age or tremendous youth. Experience has quickened that inner machinery which translates perception into the action needed to get what the mind's eye sees on to the film.

No, it cannot be hard work—for how could one get so much fun from working hard? But whatever it is, when the lights are switched off I feel limp and exhausted, happy and spent; until a few minutes later, from hidden depths, I hear the small and plaintive voice of anxious doubt which cannot be stilled until the films are developed, enlargements made, and the time comes round to worry about the next sitter.

A large part of my mail is composed of letters sent to me by young photographers in search of the secrets they assume lie behind my work as a portraitist; and I never fail to tell all who might be interested that in truth such secrets do not exist. I use a standard 10 x 8 portrait camera with no more than the usual routine adjustments; I even use something which most contemporary photographers have given up as too cumbersome and out-of-date, namely, a focussing cloth under which I view the image on the screen. To brighten things up a little the camera is white and the focussing cloth is made from bright red velvet lined with gold. My lighting varies from case to case; in recent years I have been using electronic lights more frequently, partly because they make me more independent of the different systems of electric currents all over the world and partly because they are easier to transport.

Naturally a photographer must know his craft. He must keep abreast with all technical progress made in the photographic industry, and in my view it helps to have a sound and precise knowledge of the earlier methods of development and of the many stages that have led up to the wonderful super-sensitive material that is now so readily at hand. I marvel at the many famous photographers who can do their work successfully without studying fundamental technical matters.

But I think of the Old Masters of portrait painting who themselves knew how to make and mix their paints and I compare them with many of the modern artists who spurn such knowledge; and when I compare the results achieved by the knowledgeable painters of the Italian Renaissance or the Flemish School with some of the incomprehensible products of contemporary painting, I am content that knowledge can do no harm. But, of course, merely to know how to mix paints would not have produced the brilliant works of Michelangelo, Rembrandt or Rubens; nor does a basic understanding of the technicalities of photography by itself make a good photographer.

I do not regard it as principally a technical problem to portray people of world-wide interest—statesmen, film stars, writers, composers, the high and mighty in the many spheres of life. It is a question of how to handle people. In a successful portrait sitting the photographer must make himself master of the situation. He must never permit the pace of the sitting to be dictated by his subject. But it would of course be folly to exercise a cruel and brutal dictatorship. How to be firmly in charge of a meeting that at times may last no longer than ten minutes, at others extend over two hours—that is a matter which defies precise definition. Life is rich in personalities, and just as each differs from the next so must the photographer vary his own approach. Experience helps a great deal, but unless you have the vital flair to hold, evoke, excite, deepen and heighten your subject's interest you will not succeed in getting good portraits of him. ♦

Karsh photographs Winston Churchill

from the Wisdom of YOUSUF KARSH

I am often asked which faces of all those I have photographed have inspired me most as I have sought to record the life stories which are there for all men to read. Every face, of course, is different as every fingerprint is different. The faces of the aged have always a great attraction for the artist—the little hills and the little valleys of tribulation and of time, and the romance of growing old. I remember a couplet of John Donne's:

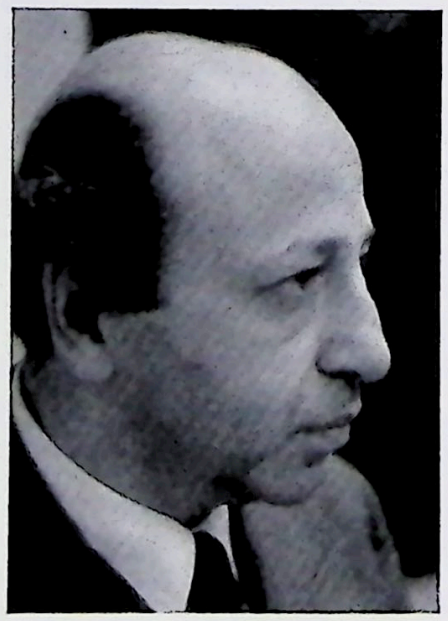
No Spring nor Summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

Beauty is born again when the last roses of Summer meet the first snows of Winter.

Everyone, of course, is in some way "photogenic" through the lens of truth. Amongst the most remarkable faces which have ever looked into my face and my lens have been those of four musicians —the nobly sculptured face of Jean Sibelius in the triumphant tranquillity of his old age; the countenance of the very soul of music, the musician's musician, Pablo Casals; the calm ascetic face of the British composer, Dr. Vaughan Williams, with his sensitive humanism and his steadfast integrity; and the noble lineaments of that great organist, doctor and lover of his fellow men, Dr. Albert Schweitzer. But perhaps the faces which have inspired me most of all have been those of a brilliant American woman and a poor Canadian Indian. The face of the woman could not really look into my face nor into my lens, for it was sightless. Although the lips uttered no literate sounds, they spoke with a silent eloquence. One could almost hear the still sad music of humanity ending in a great chorale of praise. For it was the face of Helen Keller. The other face belonged to a Canadian Indian, aged 88. He had come from the Far North to a hospital in Edmonton, Alberta, to be operated for cataracts on both his eyes. In his granite countenance there were all the strength of the North American earth and the furrowed sorrows of the centuries. He brought with him all he owned in this world. They were the suit in which he was clothed, a hat, a walking stick, and a little cotton bag containing all the rest of his poor possessions. I shall always remember also the laughing philosopher, Bernard Shaw, his kindliness, his humour and his resilient speech. Nor shall I ever forget the philosopher and mathematician, Bertrand Russell, who had made his way through all the thickets and brambles of philosophic doubt, but close to the end of his pilgrimage has not lost his faith in the majesty of man's ordinariness and the hope of the world's redemption.

Every dedicated photographic artist travels hopefully. For the ideal portrait has not yet been taken. It probably never will be.

Those who comment on my portraits often refer favorably and sometimes unfavorably to my use of my subjects' hands. I like to think of the use of hands by a gracious hostess who receives you with courtesy and puts you at your ease. The introduction of hands can be very eloquent and their introduction into a portrait illuminates the personality of the sitter.



The test of a successful portrait is the concentration of many moods in one picture.

I have always cherished the simple eloquence of my old master's advice to me in the years of my study and my apprenticeship—"Always try to tell the truth in terms of beauty."

Photographic portraiture is the unfolding of the characters of men, their strengths and their weaknesses, their faults and their virtues, as they are revealed by the play of light and shadow upon their faces. My wife, who, (to my occasional discomfort), speaks with the clear and incisive logic of her native France, once said to some of our friends that "Yousuf Karsh is married to a camera with an Ektar lens for his heart."

If I were asked to choose the key-word of my life's work, it would be "light." It has been well said that the light shines on all men and God's skies lie upon all peoples—that the clouds that separate us from the sun are born of the earth and not of the heavens.

Amongst the earliest words of the Creator in His wisdom were "Let There Be Light." Goethe's last prayer was for "Light, More Light." One of the greatest sayings of the Christian Fathers was *Lux Umbra Dei*—Light is the shadow of God. All these things I remember and think about often.

These are two of my favorite verses. One written by a minor English poet—

"I am the voice of the people,
I was born in the night.
I am the voice of the people,
Of Love and Love's might.
I am the voice of the people
Demanding the Light."

The other is from Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology," when he makes immortal, in the epitaph on the village school mistress, her highest and deepest hopes for her favorite pupil:—

"My boy, wherever you are,
Work for your soul's sake,
That all the clay of you, all of the dross of you,
May yield to the fire of you,
Till the Fire is nothing but light! . . .
Nothing but light!"

My chief joy is to photograph the great in heart, in mind, and in spirit, whether they be famous or humble.

I am sometimes asked why, although I wander in many parts of the world, I still live in Ottawa and remain a Canadian citizen. I can best answer that question by the outline of one chapter in my life. I am an Armenian. In my youth I lived in the darkness of tyranny. In Canada I have found the sunshine of freedom. When I was a little boy, I lived in the household of a kindly Uncle, and I went to school in the Province of Quebec. On my first day at school the boys were engaged in games of marbles in the playground. I had none. My fellow pupils invited me to play with them and gave me some of their own store of alleys and marbles to keep for myself. They seemed determined that from the first day I should not be half as strange to them as I felt myself to be. The memory of that kindliness fixed the pattern of my loyalty and citizenship.

EMIL LUDWIG: The Man Himself

Emil Ludwig, the famous German author and biographer, was born at Breslau, Germany, in 1881. He studied at the University of Breslau, and received his law degree at the University of Heidelberg. Before the outbreak of war in 1914, he was a journalist in London, and during World War I he served as war correspondent for the "Berliner Tageblatt" in Germany and the Balkans.

It was Ludwig's humanized biographies of great men, however, that established his reputation. Concurrently with Lytton Strachey and André Maurois, he developed a new approach to biography by seeking to personalize his subjects. He emphasized psychological motivation, attempting to analyze and interpret personality according to behavior. This necessitated a new style and technique, in which biography was expressed in the form of drama rather than history, stressing highlights which would illuminate character, and setting the action against a series of vivid tableaus. Ludwig attempted to curb the idealization of great men, depicting them as being subject to the same foibles and desires as ordinary men. The influence of Sigmund Freud is to be found in much of his psychological interpretation.

He was a prolific writer: a partial list of his biographical works includes "Goethe," "Rembrandt," "Napoleon," "Jesus, The Son of Man," "Lincoln," "Roosevelt," and "Freud," all of which have been translated into several languages.

Ludwig made his home in Switzerland from 1907 until his death, becoming a Swiss citizen in 1932. When the Nazis came to power in Germany they burned his books because of his ancestry. He made several lecture tours in the United States and lived here during World War II. He died at Ascona, Switzerland, on September 17, 1948.

THE BIOGRAPHER:

portraitist with words

by Emil Ludwig

MOST PEOPLE IMAGINE that the work of a biographer consists of selecting from the bill of fare of famous people at one's disposal the one the biographer prefers. Then one fries him in butter or cuts him into good-tasting pieces and serves him to the reader in stews and vegetables.

In reality, it is the other way around. I have never selected a man, he has always selected me. It is the same thing as with meeting ordinary people. If two people exchange glances for the first time, a relation has been established through sympathy or antipathy. In the same way, the eyes of a man with their own magic power attract the portraitist, and since the biographer is nothing but a *portraitist with words*, he is being attracted by a person who either resembles him very much or is rather diametrically unlike him. For me the personality of historical standing is not different in principle from any man I might meet in the subway.

I have felt personalities of the past always being present in my home, while on the other hand I always try to project living personalities I meet into the past. Very distant people I try to draw nearer by looking at them through an opera glass. At those, however, who are too near to me I look with the opera glass, too, but I turn it around first to get them away from me. It would be impossible for me to describe a man whose thought I do not know.

When I wrote of Jesus, the Son of Man, I had to bring to mind an image with distant physiognomy. I studied the portraits of Goethe and Beethoven, of Bismarck and Napoleon, of Lincoln and Rembrandt for years before I began to write about their lives. The portrait of such a man stands on my writing table and continuously looks at me. I have a talk with him. I ask him about all sorts of things; about the trip I have in mind; about the dog I want to buy. I live with him at table, while listening to music, sitting at the radio. I say Good morning to him and Good night. Thus I live with him through his portrait.

At the same time I endeavor to deepen this friendship by the most intimate documents this particular man left behind; that is to say, by studying his conversation which has been registered in his time. Here you find the naive confessions of the man entrusted to a friend or to the woman he loves about his most sacred aims and desires, hopes and fears. Then I look for private letters which are still confidential, in which his personality appears. These must be considered. Then only follow as material his official speeches, for in these a man can lie more easily, while I must endeavor to unmask a man, however well he might have masked himself. To discover the man with all his human traits behind the hero and the genius is the great task of the biographer. This matter only brings the man

near to us. Then we recognize even in Napoleon and Beethoven our big brother. Then we begin to understand and to love him.

The biographer's aim is to create a human being, not a bronze monument; to change back the war hero, standing in the public square with his sword drawn, to the human being with his human feelings that he had before the world condemned him to be a statue. Feelings and not consolations are the real motive power of all great pieces of work. That's why it is our task to discover and coordinate these feelings with the deed.

For this purpose I tried, twenty years ago, to find a method which has since then been employed by many writers. It consists of nothing else but a decision not to separate the public and private life of the hero, but on the contrary, to treat them continuously at the same time. Who takes any interest in the party fights which precede Lincoln's election? But when we look at him as, after his election, he packs the baggage himself and paints on every trunk, "To Mr. Lincoln, White House, Washington," we see in this little scene the whole personality of a real, great man who never forgets the practical necessities of the moment. He marked the President's trunk as he did the windows of his shop.

We study the story of the human heart in the examples of great men, to reflect ourselves in them or to find consolation or courage. When in Chicago I met an elevator boy reading my *Napoleon*. I asked him how he liked it. He answered, "Excellent, sir. I feel just like Napoleon." That was my best reader.

To write about a living man is in a certain sense more difficult because I may not know his love letters or the letters he wrote to his children. On the other hand, while private papers are lacking I have the living personality before me.

In the long conversations I had with Mussolini in Rome or with President Masaryk in Prague, I had an opportunity to study the expression of their faces, the gestures of their hands. Mussolini, for instance, was a most natural man when you were alone with him. But once, when there was a short circuit, the light went out, and a worker came in to do the repairs—that is to say, a typical *man in the street*—Mussolini obviously posed for five minutes for him. Stalin was what you might term a scribbler. For two full hours he scribbled on paper circles and geometrical figures. Only once, when he spoke of Trotsky, he made a very vehement movement and scribbled furiously.

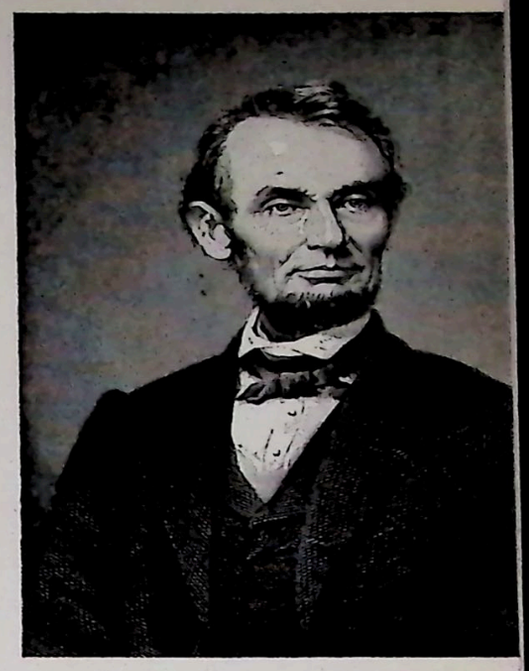
One of the most natural and well-balanced personalities I studied was President Roosevelt. When I met him first I told him that to some extent I preferred to write about dead men and I added, "I'm sorry that you are still living, Mr. President." He laughed and replied, "I can't help it." Later biographers will have the advantage of hearing the voice of the then powerful ones on discs which register their broadcasts or of seeing them in the newsreels. If I could see today the real Caesar talking to the real Cleopatra, as I can see the Duke of Windsor talking to the Duchess, I could reveal their last secrets.

Here's another reason why it is difficult to write on living men. They are in the center of discussion of friends and enemies. I was rather astonished to read many American criticisms wherein I was blamed for not being unbiased toward Roosevelt. A book that has been published in the middle of his activity can not and should not be unbiased. Hot water or ice water, but not lukewarm!

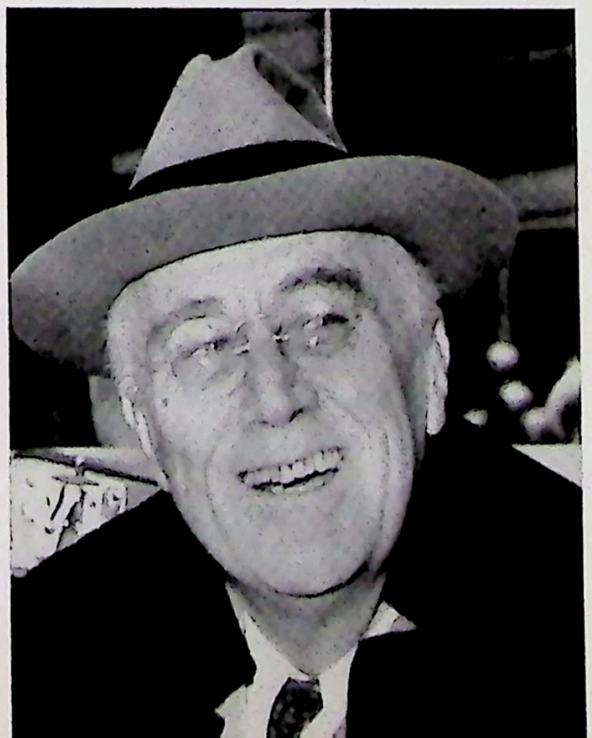
To find out the real character of the living personality I lead him to subjects to which he is not accustomed. I let a banker talk on sculpture, a great conductor on dictatorship, and a dictator on justice. In situations like that they become nervous and show their real personality, whereas they begin to pose or to lie when they talk about their own business. All these methods must be exercised and must be refined from day to day. Just as even the greatest pianist must play his scales daily, I train myself every day in practical psychology. The only thing one needs is imagination. That's why the biographer is the relative of the poet rather than of the historian.

The study of a great man is in no way more important than the study of a little man. Shakespeare's kings are no more interesting than their fools or servants. The activities of an elephant are not more interesting than those of a donkey. But about the great men there are many more documents existing which allow us to analyze them. ◆

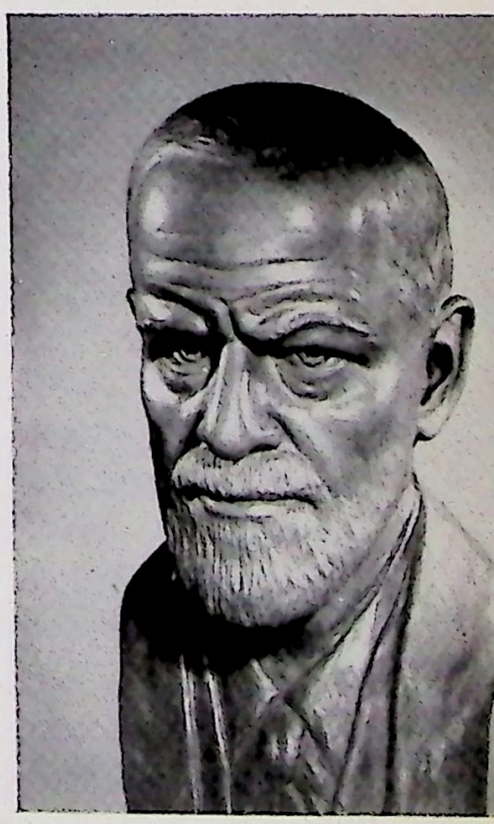
Christ, by El Greco



Lincoln



Roosevelt



Freud

WAYS OF THINKING

by Dr. Frederick K. Morris

AMONG THE MANY USES OF OUR BRAINS, we may recognize two kinds of thinking. Both are valid, but each is valid in a different field. I shall call them *Permissive* thinking and *Required* thinking, and all of us do both every day.

Permissive thinking is often called *Emotional* thinking—in which every man may think as he pleases (and the ladies always do). Permissive thought *is* free; and with it we think, quite properly, of many things. All preferences belong here—the books we read, the art we admire, the music we hear or play or sing, the friends we have and their adoption tried; the mate each one of us shall love, the faith each one of us shall follow—all of these are chosen chiefly by permissive thinking.

Now we approach a kind of permissive thinking that is much more troublesome to deal with. It is called *Prejudice*. The word is Latin, and its roots mean "Judgment *before* we know the *facts*." Indeed, this is an excellent definition. Many very good people are prejudiced against persons, nations, religions, races. Especially in America, we tend to think every *un*favorable judgment a *pre*judice; and the only cure most of us see for prejudice is a favorable evaluation.

Every new edition of the dictionary shows an increase of a hundred thousand words; but still we need words that are not there. One of them is "*post*judice"—the opposite of prejudice, and means "Judgment *after* you have the facts."

We don't accuse the law court of prejudice, even if it forms a judgment so unfavorable that the prisoner must be hanged. No, this condemnation is a "postjudice."

I don't accuse my boss of prejudice if he promotes my fellow-worker and leaves me on the shelf. You don't cry prejudice when you seek a scholarship, and the Dean awards it to another student. In each case, an impartial study of the facts brought forth a "postjudice," even if it be unfavorable.

This is an unpopular line of thought, but a gravely important one, especially among educated and earnest-minded Americans, and especially NOW.

Facts are the true cure of prejudice, and the *only* cure, because facts replace prejudice with knowledge.

Another common kind of permissive thought is thinking in terms of opinion and belief. My professor of Mathematics at Columbia used to say: "I have invented a new word. TH for Thinking—O for Opinion—B for Belief—THOB—to think in terms of Opinion and Belief. It is a most dangerous form of thinking and a fertile source of prejudice, but Oh, it is common."

In the United States, and in what Kipling called the *Five Free Nations*, men have the right to hold what opinions and beliefs they choose; and so "thobbing" is free, even as emotional thinking is free—at least in some regions. And the sad thing is that "thobbing" is easy, and required thinking is hard.

Most subversive propaganda deals in opinion, belief and emotion. The trick is to begin with truths—dated and documented so that the victim is aware of truth—and then to draw a false inference from the true facts—and the inference is opinion and begets belief. Stirring up envy, hate and fear, the propagandist seeks to get a swift conclusion and a "will to action" without letting the mind think logically. Time is important in this effort, for ten minutes worth of objective thinking can clear any intelligent mind of belief in the "isms" of eastern Europe. I offer that as a challenge.

Now we turn to that other exercise called *Required Thinking*—other names for it are Objective and Scientific Thinking. It includes three orderly steps:

First, we observe the facts—and that is not simple. We must use the highly trained senses of skilled men and women to observe accurately, and we must invent a host of precise instruments to extend the range of our senses, or even to substitute for them. You can make a long list of such instruments, but even you will omit many of them.

Second, we draw an inference from the facts, a kind of argument, often consisting of mathematical calculations.

Third, we test the inference by devising experiments. This is a return-appeal to facts, with the formula "If the inference is sound, the new facts of the experiment will agree with it."

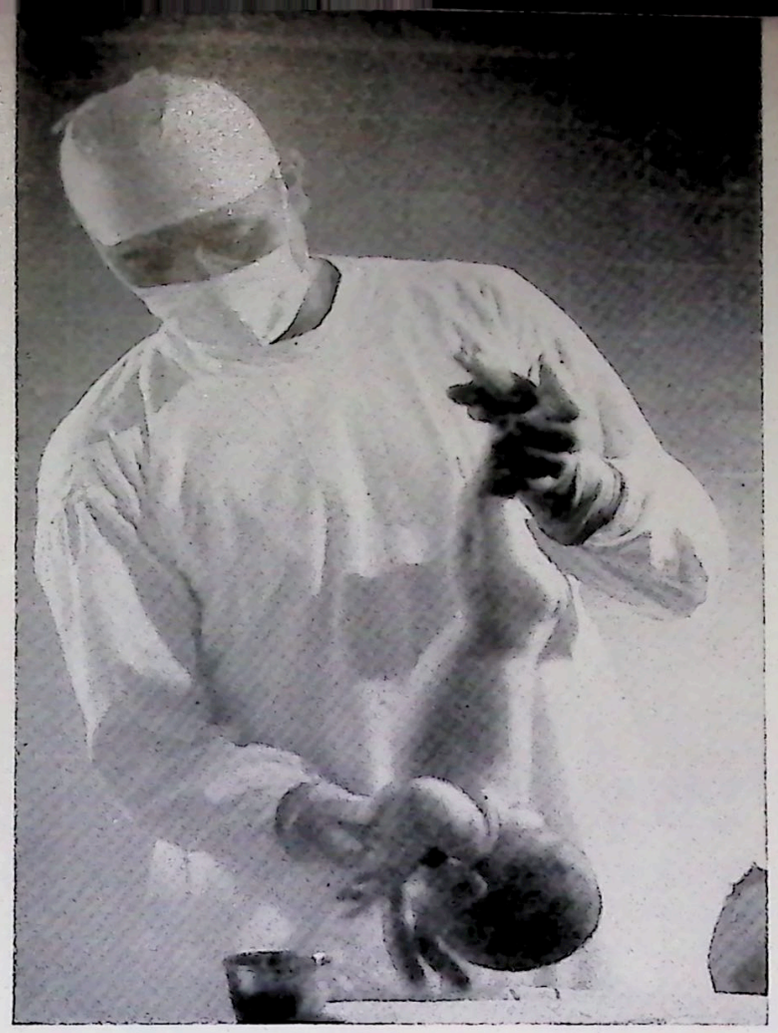
This controlled thinking leads to a "postjudice" called Knowledge—a humble product, finite, changeable—made by Man. But all the sciences and all their progeny, the useful inventions, have arisen from this experimental method.

All emotional thinking is laid aside while we work. We have no opinions, no beliefs, no wishes, hopes or fears. We only toil to weave a web of sound fact and proven inference.

Our studies often lead to unwelcome concepts that may clash with widely held beliefs. But objective thinking has a compelling way of forcing the world to accept its conclusions. It is the only kind of thinking that can formulate the laws of physics, or devise an airplane or cure a world-wide plague.

This is why I have named it *Required Thinking*.

Though in rare cases, the two ways of thinking cooperate in the brain of a man of genius to make a great work of art or music, most of us should not mix our ways of thinking. ♦



WHAT WE DON'T INHERIT

by Amram Scheinfeld

THE CHROMOSOMES IN OUR GERM CELLS *are not affected by any change that takes place within our body cells.* What this means is that no change that we make in ourselves or that is made in us in our lifetimes, for better or for worse, can be passed on to our children through the process of biological heredity. Such changes—made in a person by what he does, or what happens to him—are called *acquired characteristics.* Whether such characteristics could be passed on has provided one of the most bitter controversies in the study of heredity. But now qualified geneticists agree that no verified evidence remains to prove that any acquired characteristic can be inherited in human beings.

Reluctantly we must abandon the belief that what we in one generation do to improve ourselves, physically and mentally, can be passed on through our germ plasm to the next generation. It may not be comforting to think that all such improvements will go to the grave with us. And yet the same conclusion holds for the defects developed in us, of the things we may do in our lifetimes to weaken or harm ourselves. If we cannot pass on the good, we likewise cannot pass on the bad.

Why we cannot should now be obvious. Knowing that all that we transmit to our children, genetically, are the chromosomes, it means that in order to pass on any change in ourselves, every such change as it occurred would have to be communicated to the germ cells and accompanied by some corresponding change in every specific gene in every specific chromosome concerned.

Just imagine that you had a life-sized, plastic statue of yourself and that inside of it was a small, hermetically sealed container filled with millions of microscopic replicas of this statue. Suppose now that you pulled out of shape and enlarged the *nose* of the big statue. Could that, by any means you could conceive, automatically enlarge all the noses on all the millions of little statues inside? Yet that is what would have to happen if a change in any feature or characteristic of a parent were to be communicated to the germ cells, and thence to the child. It applies to the binding of feet by the Chinese, to circumcision among the Jews, to facial mutilation and distortion among savages, to all the artificial changes made by people on their bodies throughout generations, which have produced no effect on their offspring. And it applies to the *mind* as well.

Thinking back to your father, you will see that what he was, or what he made of himself in his lifetime, might have little relation to the hereditary factors he passed on to you.

Remember, first, that your father gave you only *half* of his chromosomes—and which ones he gave you depended entirely on chance. It may be possible that you didn't receive a single one of the chromosomes which gave your father his characteristics.

Aside from this fact, what your father was, or is, may not at all indicate what hereditary factors were in him. The genes, as we shall see presently, do not necessarily *determine* characteristics. What they determine are the *possibilities* for a person's development.

Thus, your father may have been a distinguished citizen or a derelict, a success or a failure, and yet this may provide no clear indication of what chromosomes were in him. But whether or not the nature of his chromosomes did reveal themselves through his characteristics, you can make only a guess as to which of them came to you, by studying unusual traits that your father and yourself may have in common.

What of your mother? The situation with respect to her is different only in that she provided the initial "soil" in which the human seed which was you took root and flourished. Her contribution in the way of chromosomes—half of her own—was essentially the same as your father's. Later we will hear more about the possible effects of the prenatal environment provided by the mother. But that her role in heredity is no greater than the father's is clearly proved by the fact that children resemble their mothers no more than their fathers.

You may already be thinking, "What about my children? How much of *myself* did I, or can I, pass on to them?"

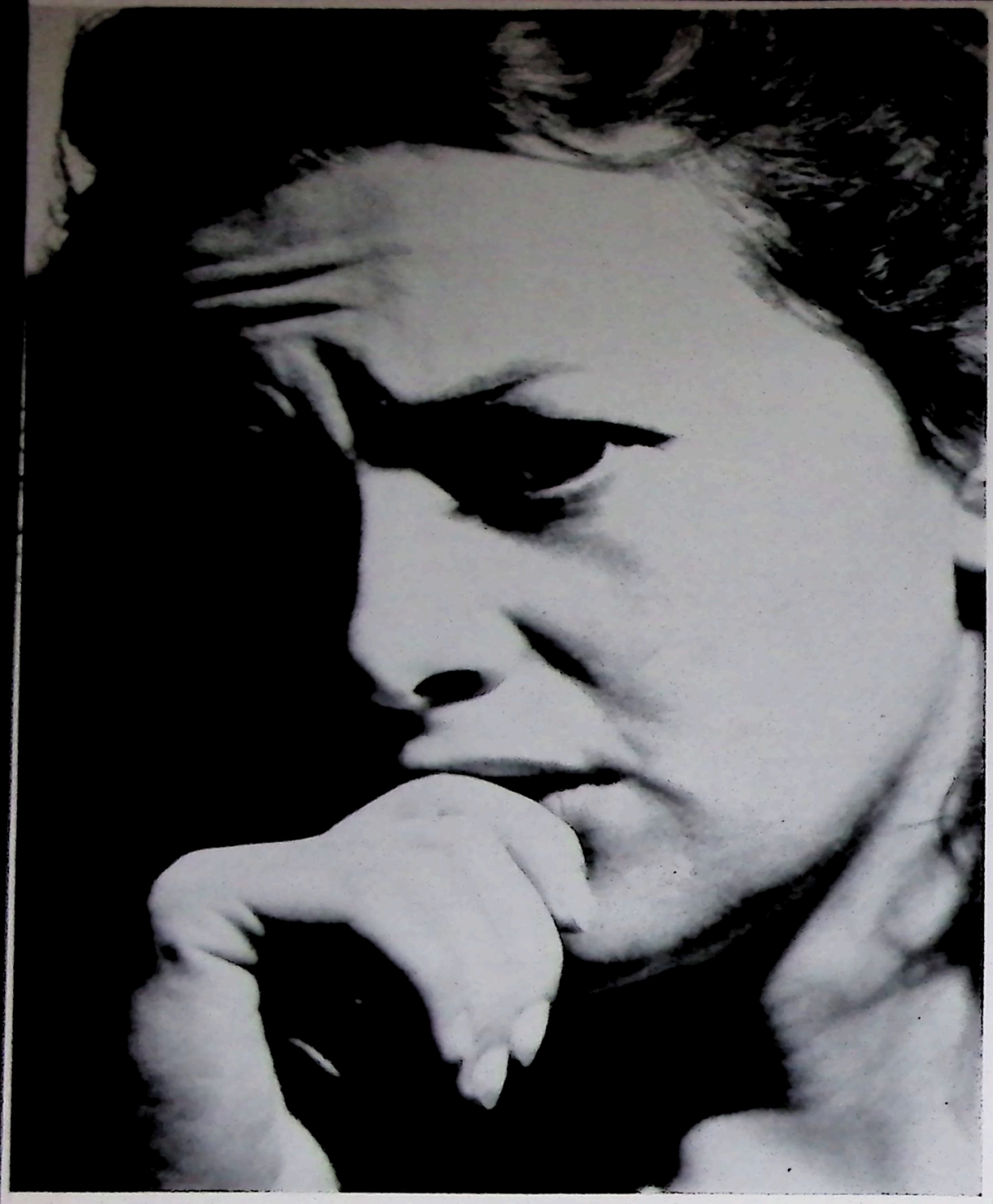
Let us first see what you *can't* pass on. You may have started life with genes that tended to make you a brilliant person, but sickness, poverty, hard luck or laziness kept you from getting an education. *Your children would be born with exactly the same mental equipment as if you had acquired a string of college degrees.*

Suppose you are a woman who had been beautiful in girlhood, but, through accident, suffering or hardship, had lost your looks. *The children born to you at your homeliest period would be not one whit different than had you become a movie queen.*

Suppose you are a war veteran who was shell-shocked, blinded, crippled and permanently invalided. *If you had a child today his heredity would be basically the same as that of any child you might have fathered in your fullest vigor when you marched off to war.*

Nevertheless, there may be considerable difference in the offspring born to parents under different conditions. But not because of *heredity*. The older the mother—at least near forty or beyond—the more likely she is to have had diseases or bodily disorders, and so the *internal environment* she provides for a child she carries may be less favorable than in her younger years.

But with the mother as well as the father, it is the *external* environment which may be most important with respect to children born at different stages of their lives, or under different circumstances. This refers not merely or even as much to the physical environment as to the psychological environment. ♦



"The person with defective utterance may take heart from accomplishments of distinguished personages like Aesop, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Cato, Virgil, Erasmus, Boyle, Priestley, Lamb, and Charles Darwin."

STUTTERING...

what causes it

by Dr. Smiley Blanton

PERHAPS EVERYONE EITHER STUTTERS or has a relative or good friend who stutters, for it is a disability that is extremely common. One out of every 25 men has stuttered at some time, and one out of every 100 stutters still. Although stuttering is not limited to men, it is much more common with them; there is only one woman stutterer to every four or five men so afflicted.

It is very difficult to get accurate statistics on stuttering. The most common method is to ask a great many people to answer some question or repeat some rhyme and then listen to them. But some people who stutter very badly are stimulated by a question in such a way that they talk easily. In studying a group of college students, this sort of test may be supplemented by questionnaires sent out to the group. When the double method was pursued in the study of 1142 college freshmen, it was found that 79 stuttered—a very high percentage indeed.

Stuttering is as common in the most highly cultured groups as in others. It is no respecter of position. It prefers the young to the old, and reaches its numerical peak at about the age of six, although it is by no means usually outgrown, as is commonly stated. It has been observed in men over 70.

Because of the very curious ways in which stuttering shows itself, many people think it is under the control of the will. A person who observes a stutterer, able to speak easily one moment and completely tied up the next, finds it hard to realize that stuttering cannot be controlled by some such simple device as willingness to talk easily, or breathing deeply, or distracting oneself with hand-waving, or intoning. It is also hard for the uninformed to realize that speech drill will not bring about a cure. But this is due to the natural mistake in thinking that the trouble is in the speech itself.

This brings us to the very heart of the matter. For stuttering is really caused by some very deep-seated anxiety on one of the deeper levels of the mind. Yet this very anxiety is misleading, for usually even the person who stutters thinks the anxiety is caused by the stutter, instead of realizing that *the anxiety probably causes the stutter*. This is borne out by the fact that, when occasionally the stutter is relieved by some fortunate occurrence, the anxiety usually remains. It merely changes form and attaches itself to some other part of the person's emotional life, so that he worries about sleep, or digestion or the danger that the stutter may return.

Stuttering differs very much in different people. In some the blocking occurs in the lips; in some the tongue may cleave to the roof of the mouth. Sometimes the vocal cords themselves vibrate spasmodically; sometimes the diaphragm, which is the great muscle that controls breathing, may interfere with the orderly production of speech. Stuttering may show itself as a repetition of sounds or as a complete stoppage. But its form is rarely the same, day in and day out, and usually more than one of these forms is present in the speech of a stutterer.

For this reason a distinction is no longer made between stuttering and stammering. Stuttering has many other curious variations. One child could talk easily at home, not at school; one at school and not at home. One stuttered to members of his own sex but not to the opposite. One who knew both Chinese and English stuttered in Chinese but not in English; one who spoke Polish stuttered in English but not in Polish. One stuttered only when called on to speak in public, whereas many can speak from a platform but not in ordinary conversation. One never stuttered when angry; one *only* then. One stuttered only when speaking to someone standing on a higher level than himself—say, on a higher step. One didn't stutter when talking to the cat unless he addressed it as "Mister Cat."

All of these variations tend to prove that stuttering is of psychological origin and has nothing to do with actual physical conditions—except that the prolonged fatigue and strain of the anxiety behind the stuttering may cause secondary symptoms of sleeplessness, indigestion etc.

It is often asked what the cure is for such a difficulty. It is exactly the same as for any other deep anxiety—i.e., to find out what *causes the anxiety*. This can be done only with a long and difficult examination of the emotional life.

For many years medical scientists were busy studying the structure of the body and the relationship between its parts. There was so much to be learned in this regard that it was a long time before the physician was able to see that, even if a person had a perfect body, it might still be ill in many mysterious ways because the conditions under which it lived were emotionally unsuited to it.

We have all had the experience of becoming ill from strain or from fright. Worry and anxiety can make one as ill as germs, if too severe or too prolonged. In stuttering, this anxiety has begun during the first two or three years of life; by the time the stutterer has come to the physician, it is deeply ingrained in him. Every aspect of the patient's emotional life must be talked over. His relationship to his family, friends, play and work must all be discussed. Under the guidance (and with the assistance) of the physician, his life must be reorganized in such a way that the strain is reduced. Perhaps he must be helped to change his work; perhaps he must be helped to find new play and social outlets; perhaps his family must be helped to understand his problems better, and he theirs. This is the function of modern psychiatry as it is applied to normal people with emotional difficulties. For those with neither the time nor the opportunity for such work there are a good many things still to be done.

The stutterer must first of all concede (at least for the sake of argument) that the trouble is *not* in the speech itself. Many thoughtful people have already progressed this far.

The second phase is to examine his life step by step, not blaming his stutter for his failures any more than he would blame it for his successes, and trying to see wherein he might be able to improve himself in his contact with his fellow man.

Third, the stutterer may draw up a sort of account, jotting down his good points on one side, his faults on the other. Most people will assume that the list of virtues will always be longer than the list of faults. But with stutterers, and with anxiety-people in general, this will not be so. An honestly-made list of the typical stutterer will usually have an enormous number of faults, and maybe one virtue: humility—a very doubtful virtue indeed in this case.

A second list should then be made, as though a special pleader were outside putting up as good a case as possible for his client. When, by dint of much effort, a few virtues have been discovered, they should be tenderly nurtured. The stutterer has suffered greatly in his self-esteem; and since no one is compounded wholly of faults, he is entitled to lift himself, if he can, in his *own* esteem.

Fourth, the stutterer must realize that stuttering is not inherited, or constitutional or even organic. It is a state of mind acquired very early in childhood, so early that it usually shows itself when the child first talks. Naturally, the longer it has remained the more difficult it is to change, because the person's life has been built up around it.

Fifth, he should get over the idea that everyone is laughing at him. Many are even *too* sympathetic. Some, of course, do laugh. A residue of uncivilized boors still think stuttering is funny and even use it as comic material. But this attitude fortunately grows more rare, and will shortly die out. It has not been long since everyone considered the so-called hunchback funny. Now he is known to have suffered from tuberculosis of the spine and no one considers *that* amusing. Within the next decade a stuttering joke will also be just as unmannerly.

Sixth, stuttering *can often be cured*. Not always, but often. No reputable worker, whether physician or teacher, will guarantee to cure it. But many are very, very greatly helped and many are relieved entirely. Whether the stutter is eradicated or not, the underlying anxiety can often be helped as the person is helped to change his attitude toward life. The earlier stuttering is treated, the better are the chances for cure. If the attitude of the family can be changed, the very young stutterer has a very good chance indeed. With the older stutterer the impulse for cure must come from the person himself. It is not adequate for a father to want his son cured, or a husband, his wife. It is *vital* that the person himself wish help with the very deepest levels of his mind. Even then he may not lay the load onto the physician. The treatment of stuttering is a cooperative affair between the patient who submits his emotional life to the process of re-education, and the physician who, in the role of wise friend, guides the thinking of the patient to some satisfactory conclusion. ♦

TYPES OF PERSONALITIES:

THE INTROVERTS AND THE EXTROVERTS

by Louis P. Thorpe

IT IS POPULARLY BELIEVED that there are two types of people, the introverts and the extroverts. The former are said to be quiet, self-centered, and sensitive. The extroverts are believed to be good-natured, self-confident, and generally sociable. According to this theory of distinct types, introversion represents a psychological state in which the individual turns his life energy and interest in upon himself. His interests are in his OWN problems and needs. In direct contrast, extroversion is regarded as a state of affairs in which the individual's interest is directed toward the outside world or people, things, and activities. The extrovert is essentially a good mixer, a man of action, and thus is more effective socially.

We can clarify these contrasted temperaments a bit by further description. For example, the introvert is said to be typically the thinker who centers his plans and activities around himself. He is often the timid person who seeks solitude and who suffers embarrassment if made the object of attention. Because of his frequent disregard for the feelings of others he is considered self-centered. He has difficulty in meeting strangers, enjoys few friends, and is thrown back upon the necessity of bolstering his own ego. This he does by thinking about himself a great deal. In choosing an occupation the introvert is said to tend toward those callings which will provide him with maximum independence and the opportunity to work in private.

The extrovert, or outwardly inclined personality, is said to be interested principally in the world of affairs, of people, of events, and of social activities of all kinds. He is usually reasonably generous, considerate, and inclined to take part in active enterprises. He likes to be in the swim and is not particularly discouraged if things do not always go to suit him. He is often the life of the party and because of his interest in people is usually quite popular. His energies flow out into the world of realities where he can find challenges for his courage and his optimism. According to those who have studied the matter, extroverts are inclined to choose life callings which involve salesmanship, promotion work, politics, public life, and social ability.

Although this description has much to commend it and is in certain respects true, it is in error in taking for granted the existence of two so-called contrasted types of personalities. The scientific measurement movement in psychology has shown that people do not fall into separate groups or types. When reasonably large numbers of people are tested by scales designed to measure introversion and extroversion, the scores will distribute themselves in a continuous bell-shaped curve which is known as the normal curve of probability. This occurs because most personality inventories of this kind involve the answering of yes-no or true-false to many test questions. Some of these questions are indicative of introversion and about an equal number of extroversion. When an individual checks these questions he usually answers some in a way that makes him appear introvertive and others in a way indicating extroversion.

This means that most individuals fall somewhere between the extremes of introversion and extroversion—they are not types but composites or mixtures. The only true types would be those who are found at the extreme ends of the curve. These are usually patients suffering from personality disorders.

The terms introvert and extrovert, in spite of their limitations, possess some usefulness in describing attitudes. These terms are also useful in administering guidance programs of one kind or another. So we shall use the term introvert as a matter of convenience, to designate people who are moderately or extremely self-centered, unsocial, and emotionally sensitive. We will not, however, be thinking of distinct types or of extreme cases. Likewise we shall use the word extrovert to mean persons who are as a rule friendly and socially active.

Let us not make the mistake of concluding, as even some psychologists have done, that the extrovert possesses all the desirable qualities. Let us recognize the fact that the introvert-extrovert contrast can be thought of in two ways. In the usual comparison the introvert is thought of as being a selfish, emotional individual who pampers himself and who is usually lonely, unhappy, and unadjusted. Compared with his more emotionally balanced and socially effective extrovertive brother he is pictured as being pretty nearly useless to society. This is, of course, an overdrawn picture, but one which has emerged from the findings of clinical psychologists, partly because these workers are usually called upon to assist the extreme, and sometimes actually neurotic, introverts. Clinical experience has developed a tendency to consider introversion as being another name for emotional instability, and extroversion as being another term for good personality.

In a general way such a conclusion may possess some merit, but in a critical sense it is far from representing the truth. There are many people who, because of quiet and untalkative ways, might properly be labeled as introvertive in trend but who are anything but unhappy or unstable. Some are quiet scholars who love to reflect on their work. Others are sober individuals who do not care for the rustle and bustle of social affairs. Either of these groups may be sociable when the occasion demands. They may also be just as

ardent about service and great causes as are their more extrovertive friends. *There are different patterns of introversion as well as different degrees thereof.* No one should be fatalistic about associating undesirable traits with introversion in general or with any other classification of personality temperament. Even psychologists make mistakes on this point; they are learning that individuals may possess similar traits but in such different combinations and with such diverse degrees of emotional stability that there may be wide variation in the effectiveness of adjustment to life. A man is more than the sum of his answers on a personality test. He is a blend of specific traits.

Nevertheless, for the most part it is true that the *emotional* introvert, being by nature self-centered, is usually sensitive and inclined to be inactive. He is prone to think about his own interests, and tends to be unmindful of social obligations. As one psychologist has put it, "The introvert or selfish person avoids the trouble of meeting people, the extrovert goes out of his way to meet them. The introvert evades the obligations and demands of clubs and committees, the extrovert accepts them. The introvert or selfish person may think of doing good deeds, the extrovert does them. The former has no time for the things he dislikes to do, the latter does them anyway. The former is afraid of making mistakes and embarrassing himself, therefore he risks no action. The extrovert may be afraid, too, but still acts and by his mistakes and sufferings ultimately achieves skill and confidence . . . extroversion is the result of work, a life of practice. Introversion is the result of avoiding practice. The extrovert suffers more in the beginning. The introvert suffers more in the end."

There are many combinations of experience in early life that may result in definite introvertive trends. We do not know in exact detail just what attitudes will result from given forms of early home treatment. But we see in a general way how certain forms of suppression can lead to the inturned or self-centered processes of introversion. We shall mention a few of these and endeavor to illustrate them with typical cases that have come under our observation.

Introversion is in the making when parents deliberately develop in a child an excessive attachment or feeling of dependence. Repeated expressions of fear or uncertainty for the child's welfare by parents may encourage the child to look to them permanently for protection. Parents may further encourage such an attachment by excessive expressions of sympathy, concern, and affection. If the child then comes to invest the major part of his interest in one or both of his parents and permits their personalities to overshadow his individuality, he is in a fair way to fail in the development of self-confidence and independence. He is likely to become a mere shadow of his parents. His need for a feeling of independent worth or self-sufficiency is being thwarted. Such thwarting is almost certain to lead to a reaction against being overshadowed continually by the parents. This reaction usually takes the form of the immature self-concern which we see in emotional introversion. It represents the child's effort to balance his egoistic and social motives by getting away from his too dependent existence. Due to the absence of friends and lack of connection with outside activities, he must get his ego recognition by turning his attention in upon himself, and the stage is set for emotional introversion.

One such child, usually docile and submissive, was so completely overshadowed by his parents and brothers and sisters that up to the time of middle life he had been able to find practically no outlet for his need for self-expression and independence. He was literally forced into the role of a Casper Milquetoast. In the end his thwarted personality could stand the strain no longer and he gradually slipped from chronic introversion into the form of insanity known as *dementia praecox*. In this condition he was at least free from the constant demands that had been made upon him. Today he is spending his entire time as a mental invalid concerned with his own interests. This is a violent reaction against an overdose of selfless submission. Most cases do not come to such a sorry pass, but this one illustrates the tremendous stress under which the human personality labors when it is too severely thwarted in the drive for legitimate self-recognition.

Somewhat similar results are often seen when parents dominate a child by very strict or harsh commands which deny the child ego recognition. The victim is usually found to be in a combined state of fear, anxiety, and insecurity. Children living under such conditions are likely to become either morbidly introverted or decidedly antagonistic.

It should not be supposed that only dominated individuals become chronically self-centered. Experience has shown that over-indulgence of children is about as serious in its effect upon personality balance as is too much restraint. Both represent frustration in the end. In one case the craving for self-recognition is denied and in the other the capacity for recognizing the rights of others is undeveloped. We know that self-adjustment comes only through a sincere interest in people. Egoistic and social motives must supplement each other. These motives are complementary, not necessarily antagonistic. Recognition must be won, not demanded. Thus we see that excessive self-reference leads also to failure so far as personality balance is concerned. The pampered individual arrives at a similar unhappy condition but by another route. The ego-centered life is the miscarried life no matter by what sort of circumstances its energy became turned in on a starved ego.

Without being technical we should perhaps say a few words at this time about the way in which children may drift into that more extreme form of personality disturbance so closely related to introversion called *neurosis*. Neurosis is a form of personality disorder which the individual may contract when he is too severely thwarted in his search for satisfaction of life's basic needs. Neurosis arises, it seems, when the human personality finds itself under heavy stresses for which no legitimate outlet can be found. A child may find himself in an unhappy situation in a dull school, or when faced by a proposed public appearance or the necessity of doing a distasteful chore. Any one of these situations may produce in him considerable tension. The child sees that he can neither change, avoid, nor adjust satisfactorily to any one of them. He may by chance escape by becoming ill. He soon learns, of course, that a sick child is not expected to go to school, do chores, or appear in public. He can get out of his problem gracefully by being disabled. It is only a step from his discovery to the idea of saying or pretending that he has a stomach ache or a pain in his head, and he may become accustomed to escaping from obligations by pretending illness. This is the well-known process of *malingering*. If indulged in too successfully by unhappy children, it may lead to various forms of neurosis. Malingering is not only an artificial way of avoiding a problem but is a pernicious and false form of adjustment.

Neurosis is not an invasion of the body by germs or infection. It is a *functional* (as contrasted with physical) disorder. It has several forms, most of which are associated with extreme introversion, but at least one of which is sometimes contracted by poorly adjusted extroverts. In *neurasthenia* the patient is usually characterized by a

great deal of weakness and fatigue. He feels inferior and discouraged. He often complains of headaches, insomnia, eye strain, indigestion and the like. In *psychasthenia* the individual is the victim of fears which lead to compulsions (automatic repetition of acts), and to obsessions (the uncontrollable repetition of unwelcome thoughts). *Phobias*, or abnormal fears of elevators, airplanes, high places, vacant lots, cracks in the sidewalk, policemen, and open spaces, are also likely to be present.

In *hysteria* the victim often loses the use of vital parts of his body. He may become temporarily blind, or lame, or even paralyzed. He may lose his appetite or develop peculiar muscle twitchings called tics. During the war many emotionally unstable soldiers who were afraid to go into battle developed these functional disorders, thus saving themselves from both danger and the scorn of their comrades. When the war ended many of these men quickly became cured. Persons subject to hysteria are often extrovertive in nature and frequently do not take their disabilities very seriously.

Anxiety neurosis is a condition of personality disorder in which the patient is practically always in a state of chronic worry or anxiety about his problems. He is a highly nervous individual who has failed to make strong attachments with sufficient people or varied interests to give him the feeling of security which he so much needs. Like other introverts he is full of inhibitions. There are so many things that he would like to do but which he cannot do because of his anxiety.

As in the case of the nervous soldiers mentioned above, the practice of pretending illness may lead to hysteria. It can lead to so-called nervous breakdowns as well as to other forms of nervous disorder. Escape from responsibilities through malingering is an exceedingly poor way to attempt to balance the emotional stresses of life. We could point to many cases in which clients have become invalids by this process. One young lady "solved" her problem by developing artificial (functional) stomach ulcers. Another client found sympathy by contracting a stiff neck. Other cases include muscle spasms, hand contractures (stiffness), eye strain, insomnia, backaches, and numerous other disorders of psychological origin. Neurotic symptoms have become so common that all medical men, particularly railroad doctors, who must be wary of false damage suits, are on the alert. These symptoms represent the ultimate in miscarriages of human energy. Except for the more serious mental diseases called insanity (psychosis), these symptoms are the last word in psychological drugs. Their only advantage is that they may sometimes prevent the unbalanced personality from resorting to utter prostration or suicide.

The principal source of the chronic introvert's unhappiness lies in the fact that there are so many things he cannot do. He has drugged himself into a passive state in which self-analysis and self-pity have become substitutes for social action. Never having developed the generous ways that make for social acceptance, he has been forced to find some other avenue of satisfaction for his need of ego-recognition. He turns his life energies in upon himself, seeking vainly to find relief from his unhappiness through imagined importance. He becomes a lone wolf, devoid of friends, and sensitive about his unpopularity. The reason for such unpopularity is perfectly clear to everyone but himself. His interests are so centered upon himself that he cannot bear the thought of abandoning his self-pity long enough to cater to the convenience of people about him. If he did so he might forget himself, thus losing the only source of ego satisfaction that he has been able to achieve.

The reader can see the process that has come to hold the unfortunate chronic introvert. He cannot leave the limited confines of his own self-interest long enough to win the approval of others through generous recognition of their needs and their interests. He is unable to be social because of his firmly-intrenched self-pampering. He is forced to stay largely within the narrow limits of his own little world. It is the only source of ego satisfaction available to him. Being sensitive to his loss of personal approval the introvert develops, not an inferiority complex as so many suppose, but a sense of his own importance. Treatment takes the form of reducing the inflated ego rather than bolstering inferiority feelings.

It is easy to see why the confirmed introvert must delude himself concerning his real condition. It is also clear why he must drug himself with every known psychological device and relieve his tensions by excuse-making. Having few friends and being largely devoid of social skills he gets little true recognition from others. Since he is so concerned with trying to provide his own ego satisfaction, he cannot feel much like serving other members of the race. This state of affairs spells constant disappointment to the introvert. The result is, of course, unhappiness in the form of pent-up inner tensions. This is the condition out of which nervous disorders in their various forms seem to arise most naturally. The victim usually has few, if any, avenues of escape, because of his previous failure to form strong attachments with the very interests, hobbies, skills, friends, and social organizations which would provide suitable outlets for his pent-up needs.

This is the plight of the more extreme introvert. That there are many who fit this description is known only too well. These are the persons who most frequently present themselves for psychological aid. Their fears, worries, and general lack of efficiency drive them to the psychologist (or psychiatrist) for relief. They want friends but know nothing of the pleasure that comes from making personal contributions on behalf of friends. They wish to be skillful and accomplished but have neither the patience nor the stamina to make the necessary effort. They are men of thought, of self-analysis, not of effort and action. However, it is by way of effort and action that socially desirable personalities are most naturally developed. This is not to say that introverts are devoid of all skills. It is rather to remind the reader that they are usually deficient in social skills. They favor themselves and neglect others.

Introvertive people do not as a rule realize that the essence of social success lies in the simple principles of being altruistic, of liking people, and of devoting a reasonable amount of time and energy to others' interests. Many of the writer's clients have expressed great amazement at the popularity of certain individuals who appeared to them to be very ordinary people. They failed to see that the men and women in question had learned to submerge personal inclinations in favor of socially effective action. A program of self-expression, if balanced by a reasonable amount of attention to social obligations, is legitimate and necessary, but if it stands alone it leads inevitably to unhappiness. In short, the admired individuals were aggressive in making social contacts; they adjusted themselves frequently to the interests of various people; they made it a point to be sociable, to be friendly, and to indulge in a certain amount of humor. Above all, they made it a point to show an interest in the problems of their associates.

Those who have made a study of markedly introvertive people of the emotionally unstable variety realize what a novel collection of checks and balances—psychological devices—these individuals use to avoid the pain of forgetting themselves. And pain it is. They have a hard time when confronted with social obligations. For

example, when a deeply self-centered individual is asked to play some game like table tennis or bridge, he is likely to refuse on the grounds that he lacks skill or that he would rather watch the others. Being very sensitive about his ego he is actually trying to avoid embarrassment. His refusal, however, draws him farther away from possibilities of social adjustment and action. This is the way introvertive processes work; they make their victim more and more unpopular, thus steadily increasing his need for self-pampering.

Other instances illustrate the morale-destroying nature of self-sympathy. The emotional introvert is likely to refuse when called upon to assist in committee activities or in fund soliciting. He begs out of public performances, but gets critical when things are not done to suit him. He is quick to lose his temper when crossed and may brood over refusals to let him have his own way. Being introverted he feels that things should be done with reference to his convenience. He frequently makes the mistake of being brutally frank with people and thinks little of finding fault with the few friends he may have.

The reader can readily see what these things mean as regards personality adjustment. They prevent the development of desirable social qualities and thus contribute toward further loss of social security. Social recognition is denied because the individual does little or nothing to earn it. The important satisfaction of social living is never felt because the ego-centered tendency stands in the way of its realization. Anyone who feels that the picture as thus far drawn is exaggerated should work with confirmed introverts for a while.

In bringing to a close this discussion of what is wrong with the confirmed introvert we can describe him in another way by saying that he is as a rule emotionally immature. He may be grown up physically but in emotional control he is infantile, or at best adolescent. Under conditions of considerable strain he dissipates his energy into such channels as touchiness, crying, anger, worry, jealousy, and self-coddling. We all do this to some extent but the emotional introvert indulges excessively in such miscarriage of energy. A thoroughly stable person directs his energy toward the solution of his problems. If his business is declining he does not spend energy worrying or crying; he acts intelligently in relation to the facts before him. The stable man expects a certain amount of disappointment and takes it "on the chin" if nothing can be done about it.

The emotionally immature individual wastes his energy. When things do not turn out as he had planned the introvert will likely as not seek solitude and let feelings of misery drain his energies. He resorts to childish responses. Bad news is his stimulus for brooding and good news may cause him to jump wildly or sing. The intensity of these responses will vary with the degree of instability of the person involved, but the introvert is inclined to criticize when opposed, scold when neglected, and storm when he misses a train. In accordance with the developing American custom, he sounds his horn nervously even when the motorist in front of him finds it impossible to get out of his way. All these reactions are signs of emotional immaturity.

From what has been said it may be inferred that we think everyone should be extrovertive. From the clinical angle it is better to be markedly extrovertive than markedly introvertive, but it must be remembered that most people are neither very extrovertive nor very introvertive. They are composites possessing some of the elements of both tendencies. People cannot be classified into two or three strict types. There are various degrees and patterns of extroversion and introversion. Many individuals are only slightly or moderately introvertive. They are merely quiet in their ways and perhaps intellectual in outlook. Such persons may be and often are well adjusted and quietly sociable when the occasion demands social intercourse. Intelligent individuals of this kind have rightfully objected to being considered inferior because they could be labeled as introvertive. Not only is introversion not a fixed type; in some of its aspects it is not necessarily a disadvantage.

Nevertheless, there are extreme degrees and emotional patterns of introversion that represent serious personality disorders. Some of these disorders weigh heavily against the chances of a satisfactory adjustment to the requirements of a well-ordered life. The evidence for this observation is overwhelming. These are the aspects of introversion that we have been decrying. They include the life patterns in which the individual is either excessively self-centered, egoistic, and devoid of a social outlook, or unduly fearful, cynical, and unstable emotionally. Various persons may represent varying combinations of these traits. People in these groups may be regarded as being unadjusted and are inferior socially to extroverts of like degree.

On the other hand it must be realized that there are also varying patterns and degrees of extroversion. Those who are noticeably but not excessively extrovertive are as a rule the best adjusted persons in our society. The claims of publicity seekers that they are glad they are neurotics or that neurosis and genius go hand in hand in no sense disprove this statement. Such claims have too great an element of self-justification in them to be taken very seriously.

It must be admitted that extroversion is not always synonymous with good personality. Some extroverts are excessively bold. Their temerity and crudities do violence to accepted standards of social culture. Others are decidedly egoistic and serene in their own importance. They may try to tell everyone else what to do while resisting any suggestions for their own improvement. We have encountered such individuals even in the highly respected callings of teaching and medicine. Some who are definitely extrovertive on the basis of measurement standards can give the best of introverts a "run for their money" when it comes to talking about themselves. These extroverts frequently have too many scattered interests. They lack poise and organization. Finally, as all psychologists know, extroverts can and sometimes do become definitely neurotic. When this occurs they tend to contract types of disability involving the loss of bodily functions. These disabilities may include such hysterical disorders as paralysis, functional blindness and deafness, anaesthesia (loss or absence of sensations), and amnesia (loss of memory).

We cannot conclude, therefore, that extroverts have all the advantages in personality. What we can say is that moderate extroversion is to be preferred to introversion in general.

On the whole it can be said that moderate and properly reared extroverts tend to exemplify the traits usually associated with desirable personality. Moderate extroverts usually have a social outlook; they are inclined to consider the welfare of their fellows. Their motives are social as well as egoistic. They are ordinarily willing to follow the dictates of moral consideration even to the extent of submerging immediate desires. Extroverts are by no means always paragons of virtue. But their lives tend to be directed toward the balanced program we have been describing. They tend to give as well as to receive recognition. They are inclined to meet their social obligations at the same time that they drive on for personal success. ♦

MORE LASTING THAN HAPPINESS

by Reverend A. Powell Davies

HAPPINESS IS A PRECIOUS THING. Nothing is more foolish than to esteem it lightly, nothing more perverse than to pour it away. But happiness cannot be commanded. It does not come at our bidding or remain because of our pleading. As the word itself gives warning, if we pause to examine it, happiness is that which happens—or which may happen. It comes from a Scandinavian root, the word *hap*, meaning luck or chance. This does not mean that we can do nothing ourselves to contribute to our own happiness, but only that in spite of all we do, happiness may not be the result; or if it is, it may not be durable. In spite of all our efforts, it may vanish just when it is most treasured, or like flowers in late summer, may slowly wither.

Misfortune, bereavement and loss are always imminent. So are other hostile circumstances. Happiness, then, though precious, carries the sting of transiency: it may not last.

Nor is it ever prone to be complete. In the world as at present constituted, so filled with anxieties and jeopardies, no sensitive person can for long be fully happy. There are too many dark broodings over the clouded future, too great a load of human misery. Is there something, then, less ephemeral than happiness, something that can root itself and remain there? Something dependable? Something permanent? Is there perchance some shelter, some stronghold of serenity, some rock too tall to be engulfed by angry seas of misadventure? Is there—within the individual's life—some refuge from the world?

The answer—for there *is* an answer—is not immediately consoling. If by "refuge" we mean a chance to forget what is happening, a path of retreat from the harshness of reality, the answer is quite definitely "No." In that sense there is no refuge, no sanctuary, no harbor of retreat.

There *are* moments of relief, no doubt; brief interludes of unexpected solace when overburdened minds and hearts can spill a little of their overload of woe. If one is fortunate, he may stand for a moment or so, looking at mountains and forests or watching the clouds pass through a tranquil sky, and he may feel for that instant that the habitations of man are a long way off and the evil of the world a nightmare from which he has suddenly become detached: yes, this can happen, or the same thing in some other way, perhaps in a garden, or in the sound of familiar music, or in recalling some lines of verse. It can happen in hearing the laughter of little children, or through the returning brightness of some golden memory, or when thought deepens into meditation, or the heart unexpectedly is lifted up and yearning quickens into prayer. All this is possible—but none of it permanent. For a moment, it is with us—then leaves us with an empty space.

In previous troubled ages, it was possible to withdraw from the

world—to become a recluse, to enter a monastery, or find some faraway retreat. But now, we are all involved in what is happening and it is impossible to run away.

No, there is no escape. No escape for any of us, anywhere. We are living in the here and now, in the present troubled and tormented world, involved in its decisions and responsibilities, possessed by its challenge and its woe.

Must we then be part of its panic, children of its fever, given over to its mood, torn apart by every new disclosure, shattered by each fresh event? Or is there in any way whatever, if not happiness or felicity, if not an escape or a refuge, then an inner strength, an undercurrent of serenity, a quiet and constant nurture of the soul?

I think there is. It is not by any means easy to arrive at. Its cultivation is very difficult. But it is possible. And as simply as I can, I shall name the requirements.

The first requirement is one of *recognition*. Perhaps you think that that is rather obvious, that it ought to be easy. If you do, it may be well to take a second thought. For the recognition is that the world of yesterday is really gone; that a changed and unknown future lies before us. It is useless to make this recognition with reservations. The thing that is frustrating us everywhere, from world affairs to those of daily living, is the incompleteness of this recognition. Statesmen who put it into their speeches leave it out of their policies. They speak of the new world that is coming, and they base their day-to-day behavior on patterns which are obsolete.

This *recognition* must be made completely. Whether we like the changes before us or not does not affect the matter. Some of us who want to meet these changes positively instead of waiting to be overwhelmed by them are accused at times of lack of sympathy with those who find such changes painful. The truth is that just as much as anybody, and perhaps more than some, we know the anguish of these changes intimately. We, too, have loved the world into which we were born. In hours of weariness, we long for it to linger. But it cannot linger. And we know that it should not linger. Those who wish for inner serenity or a core of strength at the heart of their lives—instead of repressed resentments, repressed anxieties—must begin with this act of recognition.

I do not mean that the basic principles of our way of life must be abandoned. The basic principles may be likened to the principles of seamanship and navigation, which should never be abandoned. It is necessary to apply our principles in new ways, in more extended ways which avoid disaster and lead towards security.

I do not believe that it is possible to overemphasize this necessity of recognizing the facts of change. We must recognize them with wide-open eyes, stop shrinking from them, brace ourselves to meet them. If we do this, however painful it may be at first, it presently becomes stimulating and at times exhilarating. Instead of shuddering before the bleakness of a new world, we find the courage and the will to meet it—to meet it and to try to contend with it: to contend with it and to begin to try to mold it.

In this country we claim to be not many generations removed from pioneers. What we have to do is to stop leaning back upon earlier achievement and become pioneers ourselves.

That is the first thing: *recognition*—the full and free acceptance of reality.

The second is to choose our purposes and adopt them as our *duty*. They cannot be selfish or narrow purposes. They must be sufficient for the task in hand—the saving of civilization by making it good enough to survive. This, I say, must be taken up, not reluctantly and resentfully, but boldly and willingly—as our duty. The one thing that can keep a human life strong and steady when it is faced with rigorous demands or deprived of happiness is fidelity to duty. With this comes something which, though it be not happiness, is nonetheless a deep inner adjustment which sustains the individual life's resources. The dictionary has no word for it: it is not peace of mind or contentment, although it is nearer to these than to happiness; and it does have something restful in it. Yet it is not calm, not tranquil, not quiet; and nonetheless, in some very final sense, it is *repose.*

Duty can be done in unhappiness just as well, sometimes better, than in happiness. Some of the greatest attainments the world has ever seen have been achieved by unhappy people—from great composers and poets to such statesmen as Jefferson, who never got over his grief at the loss of his wife, or Lincoln, who fought always against melancholia. Duty is not a pleasing word to modern ears—but it *must* become an acceptable one. Better than that, we must learn how greatly duty can transform us and multiply our spiritual resources.

The third requirement is one which, if a single term must be found for it, might be called *self-surrender*. When the world is full of dangers and anything can happen to any of us, the best thing to do is to admit and discount the fact in advance. I mean as to our own narrowly personal aims, our own hopes, our own satisfactions. So long as we are anxious about ourselves, we shall never have inward strength and this deepest, most lasting kind of repose. And since the dangers cannot be lessened, the importance we attach to ourselves had better be. Here we come to a place where words are a very poor substitute for experience. Those who have lived intimately with danger, or have seen a great deal of personal tragedy know, without being told, just what this self-surrender means. Everything of which you might be afraid had best be dealt with in advance. It is best to know that you can lose anything—and everything—except the courage of your own heart and the victory of your own soul. You have to choose. Which do you want? To cling to self-centered things at the price of being beset by a thousand fears? Or to hold all personal benefits unpossessively, knowing that at any moment they could cease? If you choose the second, you find a courage that is stronger than your fears. Jesus put it for us in a saying that has many depths of meaning: to gain the world, even one's own little world, a man may have to lose his soul. And to gain his soul, he may have to lose his world—or at least not cling to it, not base his entire life upon it. One or the other must be first. But only *one* of the alternatives strengthens life's inwardness and deepens repose.

The fourth requirement is one of sheer *faith*. We must trust ourselves to what we find most deeply true in the best of our own experience. We must follow our deepest insights. To some, it will seem like a gamble; to others, the victory seems assured. But then, to all of us the choice is the same; we have to make it. We either trust ourselves to the goodness of life and what it demands of us, or we betray life's goodness by withholding our service to it—by refusing it our trust.

If we make the venture, believing that beyond ourselves there is that which has called to us, asking that we give it our whole hearts—even for a future that we shall never see—we may at first be doubtful. But we can pass through this phase, for we learn more by living than we learn by thought. In time, confidence deepens, and there comes to be an ever-growing, quiet assurance. This is religion's very essence, from this all the great souls known to history took their guidance, and in this they found their strength. It is faith in God.

Not in a god of creeds and sacraments, and rituals; not in a god to be defined, but in the God of all life's livingness: and of its goodness, and its truth and beauty as we find them, the God who defines himself and needs no other definitions.

To this we can reach if we will, and therein is the victory. For the life of man is precarious and frail; a handful of dust and a breath of promise. But man *with God in his heart* can never be defeated. Though his dust be dust, his courage is God's who gave it. ♦

DREAMS: Fact or Fiction

by J. A. Hadfield

MEN AND WOMEN HAVE TALKED about their dreams for centuries, and the curious thing is that in spite of the bizarre and nonsensical nature of dreams, people have persisted in believing that dreams have a meaning and that they hold particular significance for our daily lives.

Dreams are of interest to all of us, because all of us dream. Some find them amusing, some worrying, some terrifying, some regard them superstitiously, gypsies take them as warnings, the superior regard them as merely stupid, while others, like the psychoanalysts, study them scientifically and make use of them in the everyday treatment of neurotic disorders. Dreams have always fascinated mankind, because they open an unknown realm of our personality.

We are surprised at the things we dream about. St. Augustine thanked God he was not responsible for his dreams! The mild person dreams of himself standing up to others, the humble person of great achievements, the philosopher dreams of doing the most irrational things, the calm and collected individual of being in a berserk rage. Dreams indeed seem to go by opposites.

Night after night the most unimaginative of us goes on creating images and stories so fantastic that we could never produce them by any conscious effort in our waking life however hard we were to try. Not only do we create these stories, but we are ourselves partakers and actors in this phantasmagoria we unconsciously fabricate; and reluctant as we are to admit it, we are affected by it in our daily life, and are often, like Pilate's wife, troubled by them.

Who of us can say that we have not been affected by some depressing dream, which has left a marked effect on the life of the day? Such dreams cast their shadows upon the whole day. A humiliating dream will make us subdued through the day; terrifying nightmares will make us apprehensive, whereas a frustrating dream will have the effect of making us irritable all morning.

But dreams also have a positive effect on our lives so that the aggressive dream of the timid man in which he stands up against his superiors will cause him to be more assertive, and dreams of success will cheer us up all day. We cannot therefore afford to ignore dreams, for however much we may scoff at them, they have an undoubted influence upon our daily life.

Primitive man believed in them most of all: for believing as he did that the soul was detachable from the body in sleep, he considered that if in his dream he saw himself in a neighboring hostile village, he had actually been in that village, and if he saw the villagers in his dream preparing for battle, this would be quite enough for him to report the fact, and his tribe would immediately prepare to meet the expected onslaught.

In what we might call the middle period, between the primitive and the classical, we have the dream of Pharaoh about the seven fat kine being devoured by the seven lean kine, interpreted by Joseph as referring to seven years of plenty being followed by seven years of famine. Acting upon this, granaries were set up, corn stored during the years of plenty, and famine avoided. Joseph was therefore raised to great power in the land.

But this only confirmed a prophecy in an earlier dream of Joseph in which his brothers' sheaves bowed down to his sheaf, meaning that his older brothers would bow down to him—a dream the brothers took so seriously that, intuitively recognizing the meaning of the dream, they put him in a pit to prevent the dream coming true. But the dream did come true, for in the years of famine the brothers came and begged corn of Joseph, whom they did not recognize to be their long-lost and "murdered" brother. Such dreams were obviously regarded as prophetic.

In modern times there are many theories of dreams, some merely popular, some bizarre, some more scientific; but even the scientific theories differ widely according to the different schools of psychopathology which they represent.

There are some who believe in the physiological or heavy supper theory, namely that dreams are caused by indigestion and other bodily disturbances. There is probably some truth in these theories. A heavy supper, by drawing the blood for the digestion, may affect the circulation to the brain and so give rise to the dream.

In other cases, however, as in the case of the sailor cast adrift who has the hallucination of drinking lakes of water, the content of the dream as well as the fact of the dream is probably determined by the physiological state of thirst. The same applies to sex dreams, which are often precipitated by our physiological state of tumescence at the time, so that not only the precipitation but the subject-matter of the dream is at least partially due to such physiological tension. But not entirely, for whilst our physiological state may make us dream of sex, the specific nature of the sex dream, whether natural, homosexual, or fetishistic, has yet to be explained.

Another physiological theory, which has been advanced to explain the more specific details of the dream, is that dreams as well as the hallucinations arising from the delirium of fever are simply caused by the irritation of certain cells of the brain, so that the memory traces contained in these cells are thrust out into consciousness. This is a very reasonable theory, which would account both for *what* we dream as well as for the fact *that* we dream.

Strongly in favor of the physiological origin of dreams is the fact that they can be experimentally produced. If one stimulates an area of the exposed human brain and tickles it with an electrode, the stimulation sometimes causes the individual to dream, even while he is completely aware of what is going on around, and afterwards he can describe his dream.

Such a theory would explain also the bizarre and kaleidoscopic nature of our dreams and why bits of old memories or fragments of past experiences are revived. According to this view, the dream is purely accidental, depending on the particular spot in the brain which happens to be irritated, and has no psychological significance.

But there is an objection even to this useful and attractive theory. For one thing, dreams are rarely pure memories as they would be if they were mechanical reproductions of past events; but there are almost always modifications and changes even of the simplest experience of the day. Apart from that, presumably in a fever, the *whole* of the brain is washed by the blood stream containing the toxin. Why then should these particular cells of the brain be aroused into dream consciousness when others remain dormant?

The theory that dreams foretell the future, or that "dreams come true," has always been widely accepted. Primitive man believed in it firmly and absolutely. Many people at the present day claim to have dreams foretelling success, death, or disaster. To accept this theory in its entirety we must of course not only believe that the future is entirely fixed, but that there is a possibility of our knowing it, both of which are vast philosophical presuppositions though not necessarily untrue.

But whether or not there is objective truth in this theory, there is undoubtedly *psychological truth* in premonition, since we may intuitively and subconsciously foresee the future to which we may be consciously blind. We may in a dream see a man whom we trust double-crossing us, and that may be because although we tell ourselves that he is all right, we sense that he is dishonest.

We define intuition as subconscious inference, that is to say, inferences drawn from slight indications which we do not consciously perceive. Such inferences may be perfectly justifiable and may give a more accurate judgment of men and events than our conscious observation and reason. The dream, which reveals the workings of the subconscious mind, may thus give us insight into the character of others or make us aware of the trend of events which thereafter comes true. Similarly, intuition, and therefore dreams, may give us warnings of what is actually taking place within ourselves. ♦

BOOKS CARVE

by Monroe E. Deutsch

IN BOOKS, men and women have left the best of themselves for posterity. Time has with merciless hand chosen that which is worth preserving and cast the rest aside. For example, we may assume that, by and large, the best works of the Greeks and Romans have come down to us.

Time has selected and time has tested. The recent bestseller may endure, but it will eventually have to meet a sterner testing than at the time when it was issued. You can be sure that when you read Plato or Virgil, Shakespeare or Goethe, you are reading something great—something worth reading. They form the legion of honor of the ages. And if you accustom yourself to reading the great books, you will soon find yourself ill at ease in the company of the tawdry and ephemeral.

Of course, we should not always live in the past or with works of the past; but the high standard acquired by reading the great books of the ages will inevitably serve us well in appraising contemporary writings.

There is no greater mistake than to think a classic of the past is like a mummy, interesting for its antiquity and merely as a revelation of the life and thought of the people of a distant past. You will find that nothing is more contemporary, because they are eternal, than are the words of the world's great. It is true that, as Milton said: "A good book is the precious lifeblood of a masterspirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Don't let references to "dead languages" affright you. Words that are eternal are a great deal more alive than the froth that will disappear in a moment of time. Does not Shakespeare's language need annotation? Indeed, for the man on the street, Tennyson and Browning are as much locked caskets as if they were written in Latin.

Moreover, the reading of great works constitutes a bridge across time and across lands and oceans. It reveals the oneness of human beings, whether they lived in Athens four hundred years before Christ or in China twenty-four centuries ago or in our own land in that age of giants that formed our infant nation—or, on the other hand, whether they live today in India, in Czechoslovakia, or in Russia. Despite more or less superficial differences, you will find how essentially alike we are—how the world outlook of these great men and women has meaning for us. Reading should, in short, be active, not passive; it should furnish nourishment for living—above all, a philosophy for times of tribulation and suffering.

Let me make clear, however, despite my praise of the works of the past and of other lands, that I do this merely to restore a balance. The tendency among most Americans is to read exclusively works by Americans and, indeed, contemporary Americans. I commend to you most earnestly the writings of our great Americans of the past. They are not only worthy in themselves, but they will

YOUR CHARACTER

inspire you to a greater and more justified pride in our land and to a finer patriotism.

Nor should one cut himself away from the written works of his own time—his own life, as it were. It should also be recalled that the form in which printed material appears is of little importance; Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* was no less great when it appeared in the daily newspapers immediately after its delivery. But we must admit that the daily newspapers have few Gettysburg Addresses to print.

Books help you build up a philosophy for your own life; they make the great of past ages and distant lands your friends and mentors; they give you a riper understanding of your own land; they enable you to judge writings of the present.

Books have many other useful functions, countless ones. Think how teachers would be handicapped if their students were unable to utilize textbooks and works of reference. Teachers would be even more handicapped if they didn't have books to use in preparing their lectures and in looking up references. Indeed, education would be radically transformed if there were no books. Carlyle put it succinctly; "A true university of these days is a collection of books."

Books are the great preservatives. Not only the thoughts men have had and cast in imperishable words, but the deeds and lives of those of other ages and lands—these the things called *books* hand on to us. We have said that education would be drastically changed if there were no books. Would not *all* life be changed? The scientist would not be able to learn what his predecessor discovered, and he could not stand upon the shoulders of the past. History would become merely a collection of folk songs handed down by wandering bards. Other lands would become more and more remote. In truth, isolationism in time and space would come to pass. We talk of the airplane as binding us into one world; it certainly plays a great part, but books play an infinitely greater part, since they transport the mind to other lands and other ages and do not rely on the transient glimpse of a hasty traveler.

A desire to read books and a determination to drain them of all their meaning are in reality indispensable in education. What else is there? The lecture, the laboratory, the artist's palette, the musical instrument—these have their place. But each of these finds books essential. The lecture is built out of books; the laboratory demands its manual. Even artists and musicians find books necessary if they are to discuss their art, to explain it, and to treat of its development. Indeed, education would be impossible without books.

Books are tools, instruments; they should help us to live, but they are not life, nor can they replace life. Indeed, unless you live a life with others, you cannot understand books; for they depict the thoughts and reactions of great men who did not live apart from life but drew their inspiration from it. So in your reading, choose wisely but do not consider that it should completely absorb you or be a substitute for the countless human relations that make up life.

Books reveal to us the thoughts, the ideals, the aspirations of their authors. And inevitably in making our judgments upon them we form a judgment of their people and their time. The Romans do not seem as remote when one reads Lucretius and Propertius and Plautus. In short, books are like airplanes in that distance is reduced and indeed becomes non-existent. A French work takes us instantaneously to France—yes, more rapidly than even an airplane. But books can also do something which the airplane cannot—they can transport us to ages past and place us in the period of Lorenzo di Medici or Louis XVI. Books have the magic quality of making both space and time vanish.

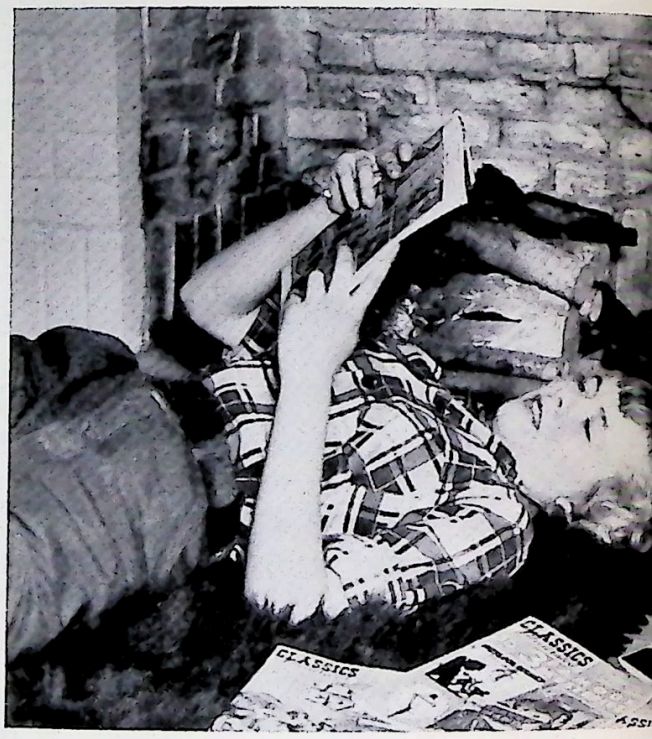
History is made real by books; biography is lived before our eyes in books. This should free us from the narrow confines of the present. It should also break down the stupid prejudices and intolerances which are bred through ignorance. Reading the writings of Lin Yutang must make one understand the Chinese mind better and help to batter down any foolish sense of white superiority. Read the life of George Washington Carver or the works of James Weldon Johnson, and you will see the world through the eyes of the Negro.

Books are not only sources of education, sources of understanding, sources of inspiration; even the greatest are not always serious. Their imagination is on a higher plane than that of the current movie; their humor is keener and more penetrating than the jokes of the daily newspaper. They can take one's mind away from the problems and cares of the day, and perhaps even show how small and transitory they are.

Great men and women have liked their jests and stories; indeed, like Lincoln, they could not have endured the heavy burdens on their shoulders without them. So you do not have to take up a great book with a sense of duty—of a dreary duty, as though you were swallowing medicine, unpleasant to the taste but required by your physician.

Books, like everything else, may prove baleful and destructive or beneficial and ennobling. In the selection of books, the individual must himself make the choice. At least in a free society, no one can tell him what he must read. What you read, you yourself decide—be it the most nutritious of food or veritable poison. And by your choice you are in large measure determining the nature of your thinking and, indeed, of your doing. Each book that you read plays its part in carving your character. You can live in the company of the great of all time and share their thoughts. You need no elaborate introduction to them; they are all waiting for you and, indeed, they yearn that you come. For they live only when men and women open their pages and let them speak once more. ♦

WHY 100,000,000 AMERICANS



READ COMICS

by William Moulton Marston

AMERICAN LITERATURE has reached in the present day comics (or adventure strips) a zenith of popularity never before achieved in world history by any form of reading matter. Eighteen million comic magazines are sold on the newsstands every month. Since, according to competent surveys, four or five persons read each magazine, we reach the startling total of 70,000,000 or more monthly readers. Moreover, research indicates that nearly half of these readers are adults.

But monthly comic magazine sales represent only the cream of the story-strip crop. Approximately 1,500,000,000 copies of four or five-panel comic strips are circulated every week in the daily newspapers. Only two of the Nation's 2300 sizable dailies—the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*— are without comics. On Sunday morning some 40,600,000 children read 2,500,000,000 comic strips in more than 50,000,000 comic sections of Sunday newspapers, with far greater concentration than the progeny of our Puritan ancestors read the Bible. One hundred million is a very conservative estimate of the total number of men, women and children who habitually read story strips in the United States of America today.

This phenomenal development of a national comics addiction puzzles professional educators and leaves the literary critics gasping. Comics, they say, are not literature—adventure strips lack artistic form, mental substance and emotional appeal to any but the most moronic of minds. Can it be that 100,000,000 Americans are morons? Possibly so; but there seems to be a simpler explanation. Nine humans out of 10 react first with their feelings rather than with their minds; the more primitive the emotion stimulated, the stronger the reaction. They defy the limits of accepted fact and convention, thus amortizing to apoplexy the ossified arteries of routine thought. But by these very tokens the picture-story fantasy cuts loose the hampering debris of art and artifice and touches the tender spots of universal human desires and aspirations, hidden customarily beneath protective coverings of indirection and disguise.

Strange as it may seem, it is the *form* of comics-storytelling, "artistic" or not, that constitutes the crucial factor in putting over this appeal. The potency of the picture story is not a matter of modern theory but of anciently established truth. Before man *thought* in words, he *felt* in pictures. Man still prefers to short-cut his mental processes by skipping the laryngeal substitutes and visualizing directly dramatic situations that rouse his emotions. Eight or nine people out of 10 get more emotional kick out of seeing a beautiful girl on the stage, the screen or the picture-magazine page, displaying her charms in person, or via camera or artist's pen, than they derive from verbal substitutes describing her compelling charms.

You think, perhaps, as I did before I looked into the matter, that comics continuities are something new in the world of fantasy

and fiction. You are wrong: so was I. M. C. Gaines, a former school principal, who originated the comic magazine and is publisher of a large group of these potent periodicals, including *Picture Stories from the Bible*, went back to ages past and dug out some interesting facts about the success of the picture story during the dawn of civilization. The ancients, as numerous historical monuments attest, recorded their military triumphs as well as their domestic comedies in picture stories. These visual histories were done in shells, lapis lazuli and pink limestone. We have specimens from Ur produced in 3500 B.C. What have we today? The same thing precisely, done with artist's ink, zinc plates and a four-color printing process. The new development, accomplishing the ancient purpose, lies merely in the fact that modern mechanical facilities permit comic-strip producers to *distribute* their picture tales to a hundred million people instead of carving them on a stationary stone monument where only a few daring travelers could ever see them.

As the technique of picture publication evolved, the art of visual stimulation of mass emotions kept pace. Back in 1521, when artist Hans Cranach picturized Martin Luther's *Passional Christi und Antichristi*, showing the Savior's humility in rebuking contrast to the pomposity of churchmen, the form of publication was crude indeed and the moral-propaganda type of story fell far short of universal appeal. Satires and caricatures of notorious sinners did a little better as the printing process came into its own at the beginning of the 18th century. William Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* was a distinct success, though still damned by an overdose of reform motive. Political cartoons then, as now, appealed violently to partisan groups and evoked corresponding scorn from the parties attacked.

Nothing notable was accomplished in technique for another century, when Wilhelm Busch and some printers got together on a line-drawing proposition that resulted in his famous *Sketch Book* and an equally notable volume portraying the undisguised naughtiness of two young devils *Max und Moritz*. This departure from accepted convention in both art and story content was a long step in the right direction—a step backward, toward the uninhibited, primitive, popular appeal of totem-pole carvings and Egyptian monument pictures along the Nile. The visual form must be simplified to essentials; the emotional response evoked must be instant and universal. When these two requirements are satisfied, it remains only to distribute the published product widely to secure a vast reading audience. Line drawing met the test of simplicity of art form, and childish mischief appealed to the repressed human wish to kick over the traces, smash conventional restraint and eat forbidden fruit. This cartoon formula, therefore—purveyed to increasing multitudes by accommodating printers—set the pattern for the early stages of our modern comics era. Rudolph Dirks followed precisely the style and story theme of *Max und Moritz* when he began drawing *The Katzenjammer Kids*, first popularized by Hearst papers in 1897 and still among the leading newspaper comic strips.

Roughly, the evolution of comics may be divided into three stages. The first period, from 1900 to 1920, consisted almost entirely of comics that were meant to be comical. The second period, beginning hesitantly with the introduction of pathos and human interest into the continuities of the early 20's, reached its full fruition about 1930, when leading comics frankly stopped trying to be funny and became adventure strips. The third comics period began definitely in 1938 with the advent of *Superman* and constitutes a radical departure from all previously accepted standards of storytelling and drama. Comics continuities of the present period are not meant to be humorous, nor are they primarily concerned with dramatic adventure. Their emotional appeal is wish fulfillment. There is no drama in the ordinary sense, because *Superman* is invincible, invulnerable. He can leap over skyscrapers, fly through the air and catch airplanes, toss battleships around or repel bullets with his bare skin. *Superman* never risks danger; he is always, and by definition, superior to all menace.

Superman and his innumerable followers satisfy the universal human longing to be stronger than all opposing obstacles and the equally universal desire to see good overcome evil, to see wrongs righted, underdogs nip the pants of their oppressors and, withal, to experience vicariously the supreme gratification of the *deus ex machina* who accomplishes those monthly miracles of right triumphing over not-so-mighty might.

If children *will* read comics, come "Hail Columbia" or literary devastation, why isn't it advisable to give them some constructive comics to read? After all, 100,000,000 Americans can't be wrong—at least about what they like. But the more decisive argument is psychological. What life-desires do you wish to stimulate in your child? Do you want him (or her) to cultivate a weakling's aims, sissified attitudes? Your youngster may not inherit the muscles to do 100 yards in nine seconds flat or make the fullback position on an All-American football team. But if not, all the more reason why he should cultivate the wish for power along constructive lines within the scope of his native abilities. The wish to be superstrong is a healthy wish, a vital, compelling, power-producing desire. The more the *Superman-Wonderwoman* picture stories build up this inner compulsion by stimulating the child's natural longing to battle and overcome obstacles, particularly evil ones, the better chance your child has for self-advancement in the world.

Feeling big, smart and important and winning the admiration of their fellows are realistic rewards all children strive for. It remains for moral educators to decide what type of behavior is to be regarded as heroic. Shall we teach our children that the heroic thing, the deed for which they will attain desired kudos, is killing enemies and conquering their neighbors, *à la* Napoleon, Hitler, Genghis Khan and others of their ilk? Or shall we make the great stunt in a child's mind the protection of the weak and the helping of humanity? The *Superman-Wonderwoman* school of picture-storytelling emphatically insists upon heroism in the altruistic pattern. *Superman* never kills; *Wonderwoman* saves her worst enemies and reforms their characters. If the incredible barrage of comic strips now assaulting American minds establishes this new definition of heroics in the thought reflexes of the rising generation, it will have been worth many times its weight in pulp paper and multicolored ink.

Comics have many faults. Some of their glaring misdemeanors have been curbed; other assaults on culture and good taste go merrily on. Picture stories have proved effective in teaching school subjects, notably English, which formerly was the most frequently criticized feature of the strips. Excerpts from *Superman* have been used successfully in teaching English in the public schools, notably in a junior high school at Lynn, Massachusetts, where a special *Superman* workbook was compiled by a progressive young English instructor. These developments are only in their very early stages, with tremendous possibilities indicated by initial experiments.

Forget the crudities of plot, drawing, printing and color work—or, rather, regard them as essential simplifications in constructing an emotional stimulus with universal appeal. Then consider our modern facilities for making cheap paper from trees, printing millions of pages at lightning speed, and the familiar miracles of transportation which distribute hundreds of thousands of picture-story books across a continent in a few hours' time. Add these products of human progress together and you can understand, without straining a sinew of your imagination, the astounding consumption of America's most popular mental vitamin, the wish-fulfilling picture story. ◆

Democracy and Opportunity

by Henry Van Dyke

FOREIGN CRITICS SAY that the United States is not a truly democratic country, because the people are not all on a level, all alike. But when did democracy offer to guarantee the similarity of people or grade mankind down to a dead flat?

When all the trees in the forest have the same number of leaves, when all the rivers that flow into the sea contain the same number of fish, when all the fields in the farm bear the same crop, then will all men be alike in their power and skill and consequently on a level in degree and station.

Democracy is no miracle worker, no infidel to natural law. Democracy declares that men, unequal in their endowments, shall be equal in their right to develop those endowments.

Classes must exist in every social order—ruling classes, teaching classes, agricultural classes, manufacturing classes, commercial classes. All these are in the laboring class, but their labor is divided. The moment you begin to divide labor you begin to differentiate between men. The moment you have men developed, by different kinds of work, on different sides of their nature, you have classes.

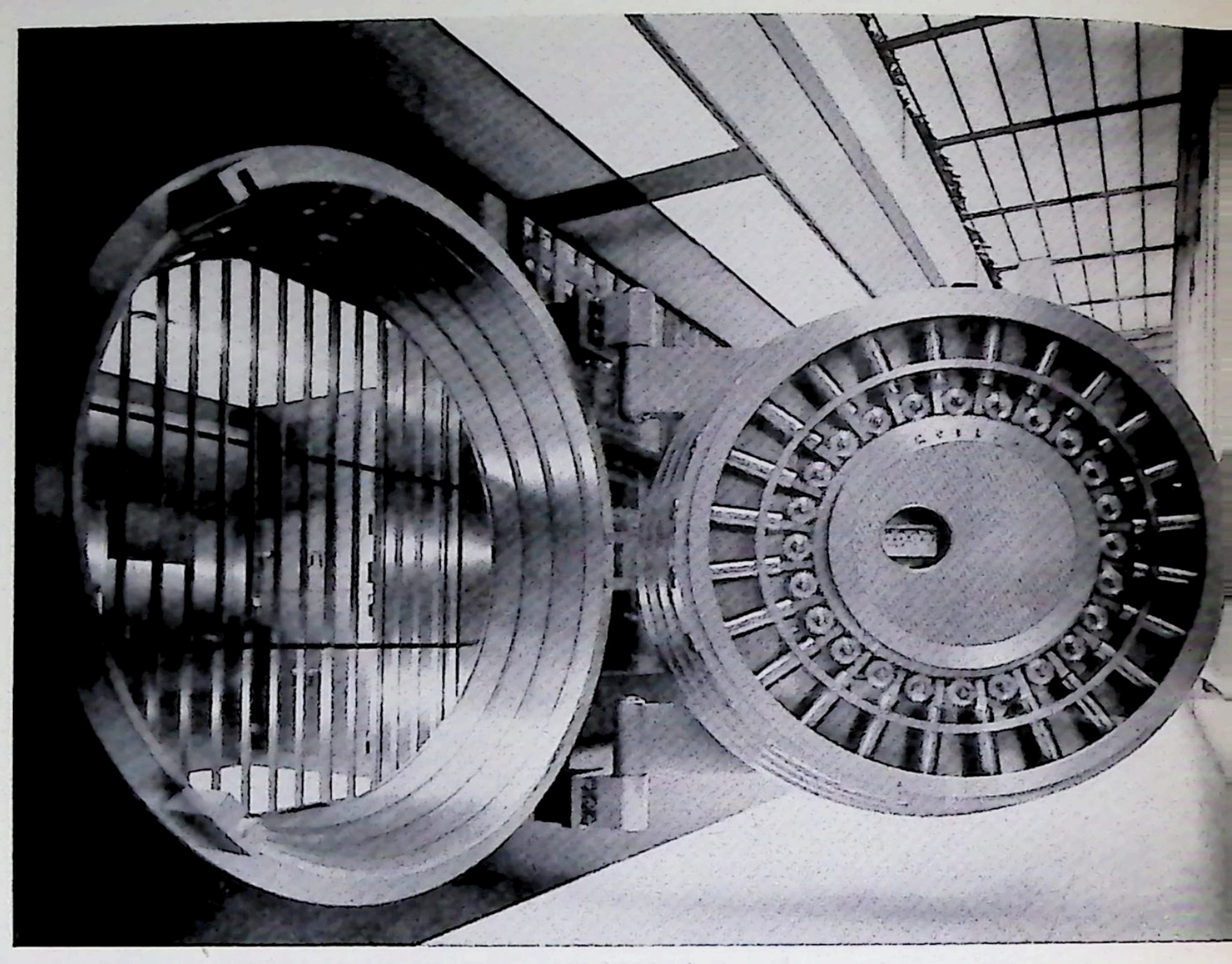
What democracy says is that there shall be no locked doors between these classes. Every stairway shall be open. Every opportunity shall be free. Every talent shall have an equal chance to earn another talent. I think we may claim that this is the case in the United States, at least to a larger extent than ever before in the history of the world.

Not all the farmers' boys in the country may become Presidents of the Nation. That would be physically impossible. But any of them may do so and several of them have done so. Some, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, attained such eminence and power that the Presidency could hardly have added to their fame.

These cases are not accidents. They are logical evidences of an equality among men in the only sense in which equality is possible —equality of opportunity. This equality is no nebulous dream of a State in which degree is abolished and every man is as mediocre as everybody else. It is a real escape from the tyranny of artificial and hereditary distinctions; real approximation of position and fitness, honor and ability.

It is safeguarded and its effects are diffused in some measure through the whole fabric of social life, not by any mere legal enactment; but by something vastly stronger and more efficient— the *state of mind* which is created in the people by committing to them the choice of their own ruling classes. ◆

THE USES OF MONEY



by James A. Magner

THE PROBLEM OF MONEY is one which plagues most people. In our economic system, as the normal medium of exchange, money serves to purchase the necessities and luxuries of life. It enables us to travel. It provides the sinews of industry. It offers not only the means of meeting current needs and obligations, but, wisely accumulated, gives assurance of future security. It often serves as a badge of social prestige. It wields power. It promotes the causes of charity. But it can also harden hearts, lead to corruption, and destroy character.

There can be no doubt that money in one form or other—including securities, credits, and real estate—enters vitally into the problems of mental health which face the average individual. Few people seem to get enough of money. Complaint about the high cost of living creates much conversation. The struggle to "make ends meet" is common. Some persons never seem able to pay their bills and achieve the peace of mind that comes with a comfortable bank account. The more they make, the more they spend, so that they always appear to be treading a water mill in a desperate effort that never ends. At $10,000 a year, they are as financially flat as at $2,000. Even those who have the golden touch, or a facility for making and saving money, are never entirely satisfied. The more they get, the more they want. They raise their voices against exorbitant taxes and bad government, the demands of capital or labor, and high prices. They see themselves as "bled white" by appeals for their contributions to various causes. Some people have what is called the "poor mouth," that is to say, they specialize in telling others how little they make or how little they are able to save, precisely so that they will not be called upon to make a contribution or to pay their share in a common cause.

In formulating a philosophy of life on this subject, it is important for us to regard money for what it is—a *medium of exchange*. Money should *not* be regarded as a commodity, like food, clothing, or furniture. Its value consists in the fact that it can purchase these things; and in the system in which we live, it can be invested in productive enterprise from which dividends or interest are paid back. There is nothing magical about it, nor is it a god. The purchasing power of money can go up or down; and if the assets behind it are lost or foreclosed, it becomes worth no more than the paper or the metal on which the money denomination is printed or stamped.

To the extent that money is necessary or helpful, there is certainly nothing bad in it. For one to assume an airy attitude, as if money were beneath one's dignity or attention, is simply to transfer to someone else the obligation of providing it. Even those

who take the vow of poverty need money to keep going. The same may be observed of those who regard money as filthy or somehow associated with the devil. There is no particular virtue in poverty as such, any more than there is anything inherently wrong in possessing riches. Nor should one assume that rich men have made their fortunes dishonestly, or that the poor are always the victims of injustice.

Many people are victims of an obsession for gold to the exclusion of spiritual values, which colors their thinking, warps the mind, and directs all activities into channels of materialistic calculation. They see nothing except in terms of money. Their friends, their social life, and their interests all revolve around this subject. They make friends only because of business considerations, or to secure further contacts which will pay off later. If they entertain, it is to discharge business debts or to solicit new business. If they give to charity, it is to advertise themselves in the expectancy of financial returns. For them, nothing has value unless it can be expressed in terms of dollars and cents. If they look at a beautiful picture, their interest is in its appraised value. Clothes are worn for what they cost. "What did you pay for it?" is their first question as to things, and "How much money do they have?" is their way of judging personal worth.

In order to make money, to save and invest it, and put it to the best advantage, of course, one must take a realistic view. Businessmen have to consider effective measures of solicitation and advertising, and there must be some reciprocity in human relations if we are to gain good will. There can be no doubt that there are prestige values in expense. Where a woman buys a dress and what she paid for it may sometimes be as important as what it looks like. Anyone who takes the business of making a living seriously must watch the dollars and cents with an eagle eye; but to allow these considerations to become an obsession and to dominate one's life to the exclusion of everything else is to develop a warped mentality, to make a god of material gain, and to take the joy out of existence.

This obsession can take hold of persons in poor or modest straits as well as those who have extensive financial interests and holdings. Many wealthy persons are extremely generous and considerate of human needs, while others suffer pain whenever they miss an opportunity to add to their pile or they are asked to contribute to a cause from which no pecuniary return is in sight. Many persons of limited means enjoy life with what they have, far more than the rich, and they are always ready to share with others; but there are some whose pinchpenny policy actually prevents them from getting ahead, and whose noses are never lifted from the grindstone of life for any other purpose than to take in more money.

Some people regard money as a kind of magic talisman which can purchase anything. They feel that its possession puts them in a position to make any kind of demand. They buy their way, or attempt to do so, to honors, social position, influence, power, public office, and arrogance. From certain classes of individuals, money can obtain almost anything including sexual surrender, the breakup of homes and divorce, the spreading of falsehood, the ruination of reputations, and even murder. Unscrupulous persons, with plenty of money at their disposal, sometimes develop the easy assumption that money can buy anyone. When they meet with resistance or indignant refusal, they are bewildered, furious, and dangerous. When money takes the place of ethics or cancels out the principles of morality, it destroys the individual and society.

The effects of money differ with persons of various temperaments and are often difficult to foresee. Many people who are charming, cordial friends in moderate circumstances become hard, cold, and grasping when prosperity comes their way. Just as many change into petty tyrants when given a little authority, so, under the influence of money, others change their whole attitude toward life, toward their friends, and toward human and spiritual values. Undoubtedly many people who are leading happy lives and performing unselfish services, under pressure of having to make their way with low or medium incomes, would be altogether different if they were financially independent.

The effects of quick and easy money are often very dramatic. Those persons who are not prepared to handle large incomes or fortunes easily go to pieces. Drink, dissipation, sexual looseness, and all the confusion that money can buy tell the familiar story of scandal, divorce, personal disintegration and suicide. One might think that material prosperity would bring about a sense of deeper appreciation and gratitude to God. Unfortunately, it frequently produces exactly the opposite. Prosperity often brings about a loss of religious faith and a rejection of God as the leading force in life.

The lure of quick and easy money has been one of the greatest temptations of the mad world in which we live; and has probably done more than anything else to leech the land, uproot populations, and dissipate our national resources. The publicity given to the fabulous salaries of movie stars, news of sudden fortunes in oil, the sudden emergence of "new rich," and the constant prodding of advertisements of expensive conveniences and gadgets of various kinds, all contribute to arouse dissatisfaction with the ordinary processes of making a living and to stimulate a search for the bonanza.

No one can deny the desirability of improving one's fortunes by all legitimate means. But when the rush for money means the abandoning of ethics and the reduction of human relationships to the law of the jungle, we have reached a condition which is pathological and deadly. Cheating, stealing, defrauding, underpaying, overcharging, misrepresentation, adulteration, issuing shoddy goods, absconding with funds—the newspapers carry these stories every day, together with stories of the long arm of the law, wrecked homes, and ruined reputations.

To be on one's guard against the temptation of easy money calls for a high and unshakable sense of principle and often for extraordinary vigilance. Under the seemingly innocent guise of a gift of appreciation, many a good man has been sucked into the whirlpool of corruption and been blackmailed into silence and inactivity.

In an endeavor to reach "Easy Street" in a hurry, some people resort to gambling in one form or the other. There is nothing inherently wrong in gambling. We all take risks and chances in various forms. Many people play the horses for recreation. Some gamble with cards, raffles, and various games of chance, for charitable causes, excitement and the possibility of gain. To the extent that one can afford to take a loss, there can be no reasonable objection to this in itself. The same is true of speculation on the stock market, even as a livelihood. But when one's interest in this becomes a preoccupation to the neglect of regular business, the endangering of one's funds, temptation of dipping into the funds of others, or the fraying of nerves—the time has come to call a halt. Some people are driven crazy through tension of this kind. No amount of money or prospect of making money is worth this risk.

This would be a far better world if people concentrated on their work, fulfilled their obligations, and took their joy in serving well in their respective vocations instead of concentrating on money and the things that money can buy. Joy in living and the accumulation of material goods go hand in hand only when one's conscience is clear, when gain is the fruit of service, and peace of mind is the product of honest endeavor. ♦

THE REAL MEANING OF CHASTITY

Aristide Maillol, sculptor

by John MacMurray

THE PROBLEM OF THE RELATIONS between men and women with which we are faced in modern civilization is an urgent one and a new one. It is perhaps the most important of all the problems which this generation is called upon to face. But it is also a new problem in the history of civilization. Many people fail to see this, and it is vitally important to recognize it.

Women have increasingly insisted that they too are individuals, and must be permitted to stand upon their own achievements, to realize their own capacities as individuals, to exercise their own initiative in the development of civilization. They have entered the world of literature and art, of politics, of the professions, of industry and commerce. And this is, I think, bound to continue and increase.

We cannot do other than look upon it as a momentous advance in culture and civilization, and to be afraid of it is surely to fail in faith and courage. But it means in principle the disappearance of a differentiation of function which has governed the relation of the sexes from the dawn of history.

Women, if they are to develop their intellectual initiative will necessarily demand the right to stand side by side with men as equal, independent individuals. That is the crisis we are facing. I insist that *our* problem of sex-morality is a new one in the history of civilization, and not to be solved by any insistence on traditional forms of social organization.

To say that sex-relationships are moral *because* a man and woman are married, immoral *because* they are not married, is to base morality upon something external.

It is a matter of moral principle for us that the sex-life should be confined within marriage, and within monogamous marriage. A morality based on principle, therefore, is a morality based on thought, on judgment, on certain laws governing conduct and determining intellectually what is right and what is wrong. Such a morality is based on *will*. The idea of will originated with the Stoics. It turns upon the idea of a struggle between reason and the passions.

For the Stoics passion, impulse, desire—the emotions in the widest sense—were the source of evil. To live rightly was to dominate the emotional life by reason, and so to act by will, that is to say, in the way that you have rationally decided to act, whether you want to or not.

That opposition between will and impulse has gone deeply into our European moral tradition. Stoicism was the dominating philosophy of Rome. It made Roman law. And the Roman tradition, which is by far the strongest element in European civilization, is a Stoic tradition. It lies at the root of our moral conscience, particularly as regards sex.

The medieval idea of chastity, which went so far as to identify chastity with complete lifelong sexual abstinence, is pure Stoicism. Sexual desire is held to be in itself evil, and "virtue" consists in dominating and suppressing it on principle, by force of will, in a lifelong struggle.

We have given that up in its extreme form, though I think there is far more of it in our attitude to sex still than we dare or care to acknowledge. But we still retain the main idea—that morality means the control of desire by reason, suppression of inclination in favor of purpose, of action willed in accordance with rational decisions. This yields us the idea of duty—the distinction between what we *ought* to do and what we actually *want* to do.

What we call "Christian" morality, at least in the field of sex, does mean the control of emotion by principle, signifies the capacity to say "no", on grounds of rational principle, to desire and emotion, and so depends upon will for the suppression of emotion as the source of action.

For "Christian" morality, in sex, the right thing to do is to bring our emotions and desires under the control of principle and harness them to the service of universal purposes. Intellect, that is, not emotion, is the governing source of good conduct, particularly in regard to sex. That is what is ultimately meant by saying that morality is a matter of principle.

The true Christian morality will be quite different from our orthodox one in its basis and in its outlook. It will be emotional and in terms of love, not intellectual and in terms of purposes and principles.

Our orthodox sex-morality does relate love and marriage very closely, and we do insist that love is the only proper basis for marriage. In that case are we not being unfair to the orthodox position? On the whole I think we are not, because I think that on the whole this common insistence on love is neither very effective nor very sincere. In fact it is largely sentimentalism. I must give you some of my reasons for thinking so.

The love that is looked for is neither considered in itself moral or immoral, but a passion, something that happens or does not happen between two people, an instinctive and violent attraction. It is not considered the real basis of morality.

It may be beautiful, natural, a source of joy and delight, the loveliest and most exciting experience of human life—but not either right or wrong in itself. It is rather regarded as a potent source of happiness or unhappiness, of morality or immorality. Everything depends on whether or not it can be controlled and directed along the lines of a social purpose, used to establish and strengthen the social institution of marriage.

The 19th century idolized and deified sexual love, and at the same time feared and dreaded it. The Victorian age was the age of Romance in which no praises were too fulsome or sickly sweet for the experience of physical passion. Yet when we now talk of Victorianism, what is uppermost in our minds? Prudery, Mrs. Grundy, and the suppression of frankness about sex. The romantic views about love were fanatically prevented from being brought to the test of fact. That is the essence of sentimentality. It is emotional insincerity. And to this day, though with less and less effect among young people, romantic sentimentality has held the field.

The real morality of the 19th century was the morality of principle, but it was poisoned by sentimentality so that it appeared as social utility. And we are suffering under the curse that it laid upon our fathers. Love was, in effect, made a stalking horse for social success, in all its multiform varieties, unconsciously, no doubt, but none the less effectively.

It worked like this. We kept young men and women in careful ignorance of the facts of sex. We instilled a sense of shame about them to this end and at the same time filled their minds with vague colorful ideas and emotions—romance. We kept a close guard over the meeting of boys and girls by a policy of segregation. When the time was ripe, we engineered a meeting of selected couples under conditions which would be likely to lead to a "match," and made sure that nothing could come of it until they were safely married.

Then with a sigh of relief we sent them off on a "honeymoon" to discover the real facts for themselves. I do not believe that history can show an example of more barbarous duplicity and trickery.

Let me come now to the one really positive thing I have to say about sex-morality. Its true basis is the virtue of chastity. And I want to explain what I think chastity really is.

Chastity is emotional sincerity—sincerity in the expression of what we feel, and it is the fundamental virtue, from one point of view, of a Christian morality. It is the emotional guide to good conduct, the proper determinant of personal relations. It is the condition of personal integrity.

I am obviously using the word "chastity" in a wider sense than is usual. I think myself that this is the proper use of the word—that it explains what an artist means when he says that a picture is chaste —that there is no striving after effect, and so no vamping of emotion. The use of the term in reference to sex is merely a special case, like the similar restriction of the term "morality" to mean sexual morality.

Let us return to the new phenomenon of modern society, the disappearance of the differentiation of the social functions of the sexes. Women are demanding that they should be individuals in the same sense that men are, that they should be independent, granted the same free initiative that men have in the choice of a vocation; in a word, that their social functions and duties should not be determined by their sex. This is a demand that in social relationships and activities sex should not count as a determining factor. Is that a right demand? Undoubtedly.

The proper relations between human beings are personal relations, in which organic differences have no essential standing. Difference of sex is on the same level as differences of natural capacity. Therefore, men and women must meet and enter into relationships on the personal level—not as male and female, but as human beings, equally made in the image of God.

They must determine their relations to one another for themselves, as human persons, and not allow organic differences to determine their relations for them. There is only one proper ground of relationship between any two human beings, and that is mutual friendship. Difference of sex may make the friendship easier or more difficult of achievement, but it cannot make any difference in principle.

Further, if difference of sex is made an essential difference in human relations, then men and women are treated as complementary to one another. Each, then. has meaning and significance only in terms of the other. Neither is a real individual. Now this is a denial of human personality. It destroys the possibility of true friendship between them. Complete individual integrity is the condition of personal relationship. Otherwise you inevitably subordinate persons to their function.

Moral relations are dependent on the absolute value of the human being, as a free human spirit, not as a man or a woman. And when you begin to live to please people, you destroy emotional sincerity. Love is ruled out because chastity is ruled out. Inner integrity is impossible. This is the recurrent tragedy of so many marriages that start with fair promise. The husband and wife are specialized in different directions, and the further each develops in his or her own function the wider the gulf between them becomes. They come to depend upon one another, and so lose their integrity —the very basis of personal unity. Dependence and freedom are incompatible. Yet freedom is the basis of all moral conduct.

There is only one safeguard against self-deception in the face of desire, and that is emotional sincerity, or chastity. No intellectual principle, no general rule is of use. How can a man or woman know whether they love another person or merely want them? Only by the integrity of his or her emotional life. If they have habitually been insincere in the expression of their feelings, they will be unable to tell. They will think they love when they only want another person for themselves.

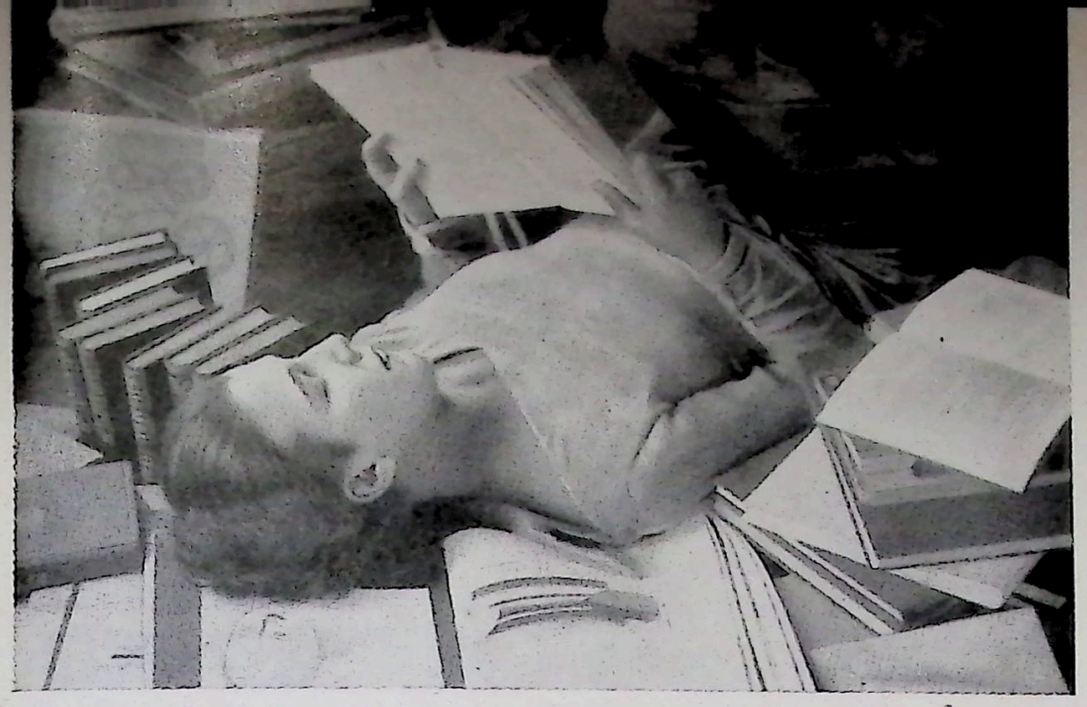
What is usually known as "being in love" is simply being in this condition. It blinds us to the reality of other people, leads us to pretend about their virtues, beauties, capacities, and so forth; deprives us of the power of honest feeling and wraps us in a fog of unreality. That is no condition for any human being to be in.

Between two human beings who love one another, the sexual relationship is one of the possible expressions of love, as it is one of the possible cooperations in love—more intimate, more fundamental, more fraught with consequences inner and outer, but essentially one of the expressions of love, not fundamentally different from any other, as regards its use.

It is neither something high and holy, something to venerate and be proud of, nor is it something low and contemptible, to be ashamed of. It is a simple ordinary organic function to be used like all the others, for the expression of personality in the service of love. This is very important.

If you make it a thing apart, to be kept separate from the ordinary functions of life, to be mentioned only in whispers; if you exalt it romantically or debase it with feelings of contempt (and if you do the one you will find that you are doing the other just as to set women on a pedestal is to assert their inferiority and so insult their humanity); if you single out sex in that way as something very special and wonderful and terrible, you merely exasperate it and make it uncontrollable.

That is what our society has done. It has produced in us a chronic condition of quite unnatural exasperation. There is only one cure, to take it up, simply, frankly and naturally into the circle of our activities; and only chastity, the ordinary sincerity of the emotional life, can enable us to do so. ♦



Living with Words

by Jerome C. Hixson and I. Colodny

WE CANNOT ESCAPE being concerned with words. Much of our success in social adaptation depends upon our understanding and application of the English vocabulary. Words are evidence of the books we read, the company we keep, and the thoughts we harbor. They are the means by which we understand others and by which others understand us.

But in addition to being tools, words are pictures of the past. They reveal past customs, beliefs, and fashions; and a knowledge of their development supplements our understanding of history. Nothing reveals more than the study of words our indebtedness to the past. Our intelligent use of the present day vocabulary involves traditions revealed by etymology.

To try to build vocabulary without understanding something of the processes by which it has developed is like trying to learn chemistry by memorizing the various elements but ignoring the study of the processes and changes which those elements undergo. Conceivably, if we learn to recognize significant processes, we shall have a means for dealing with new words.

In the end, if we learn to look not merely *at* words for their immediate usefulness to us, but *through* them to forgotten times, we shall have a lifelong hobby. If we temporarily forget their immediate usefulness and think more of their history and processes of development, we shall have acquired the best possible means for remembering them. Furthermore, we shall then have a method of comprehending more words than this article can present—more words than we can hope otherwise to remember.

No discriminating person will deny the importance of an expressive, intelligently-used vocabulary. According to the findings of the *Human Engineering Laboratory*, vocabulary is one of the important constituents of success. Certainly, there is a correlation between vocabulary and successful social adjustments.

In general, too, a person's vocabulary represents not only the degree of his culture, but the kind of culture as well. Almost unconsciously, we form our impressions of people who use expressions like *roughneck*, *swell*, *dearie*, *a peach of*, *buddy*, etc; or those given to ponderous phrases like *statistically speaking*, *existing conditions*, *ideologically*, and the like.

As we increase our interests and information in various fields, certain new words convey what would otherwise require a lengthy explanation. The trouble is that, instead of analyzing the new words which we meet in science, philosophy, literature, and the social sciences, frequently we allow ourselves to become confused. We shall develop the proper kind of vocabulary with our growing knowledge if we acquire the habit of analysis.

The very word *analysis* itself in the minds of some people creates a blur instead of a definite idea. We meet the word every day—chemical *analysis*, psychological *analysis*, an *analytical* mind, and so forth. We can recognize in it certain elements which may have become familiar through a comparatively simple study of basic parts making up this and other words.

If in this case we recognize the basic *ana*, the Greek for "up," and *lysis*, a "loosening or breaking," making *analysis* mean a "breaking up," we can better understand that a chemical *analysis* is a breaking up of an unknown thing into its constituents, that a psychological *analysis* is a breaking up of behavior into its causes and effects, that an *analytical* mind has the habit of breaking up ideas, and so on.

One gradually learns not to be confused by words, but forms the habit of resolving linguistic difficulties by examining and analyzing them, and quickly with practice one gets the knack of breaking up a word. *Heliotrope* thus yields more meaning than the rather hazy notion of some kind of flower, if we see in it the familiar *helio*—the "sun," and *trop*—"turn," so that *heliotrope* really means a flower that "turns toward the sun."

It will be of help in vocabulary building if we fix the new word in mind at the very time we first meet it. One way to do this is by observing its derivation. Suppose, to take a simple case, we meet the word *chronic*. We have a vague idea that it means "serious," as a *chronic illness*, but we are not sure.

If we consult the dictionary, we shall discover that *chronic* means "continuing a long time." Unless we tie that idea to something else, it will likely fly away from our side, and not be present when we next need it. Let us look a bit further at *chronic*. Webster tells us that it comes from the Greek *chronos*, meaning "time," and a little interesting effort will reveal that from the same root *chron*—come the related words CHRONicle, CHRONometer, CHRONological, anaCHRONism and many others. When one has finished looking up *chronic*, one has captured not only *one* word but a *key* to the understanding of several others. In short, the best way to build vocabulary is by studying not only the meaning of words, but their formation and derivation, for it best fixes them in mind.

The study of language ceases to be haphazard and confusing when we can watch in it the working of certain principles. It gives point, for example, to know not merely that *palace* comes from the *Palatine* Hill in ancient Rome, famous for its lordly residences, but that it is formed by the same process that gives us many other words —namely, antonomasia, or the *deriving of words from proper names.*

Studying words opens in a very real way our sense of indebtedness to the past. We are not the only people who have ever lived; our words were bequeathed to us from the experience of our own and other races. Though our ideas may change, the old notions live on in the forms of the words we use. ♦

EDWARD MACDOWELL . . . *America's poet-composer*

by Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser

THE GREATEST ROMANTICIST and poet-composer of America up to the present was Edward MacDowell. Some of the romanticism of the early 19th century has become mere imitation of the style which arose as a protest against the insincere forms of the 18th century. But the true spirit of romance never dies and never becomes artificial. Such romance had MacDowell.

He was sincere, always a poet, always himself, and in spite of his Scotch-Irish inheritance, German training and love of Norse legends, he expressed MacDowell in every note. He lived before the time when we question: "How shall we express America in music?" In fact he was much against tagging composers as American, German, French and so on.

Edward MacDowell, born in New York City in 1861, began piano lessons when he was 8. One of his teachers was the brilliant South American Teresa Carreno, who later played her pupil's concerto with many world orchestras. At 15, he entered the Paris Conservatory, where he was a fellow student of Debussy.

While there, MacDowell studied French, and during a lesson amused himself by drawing a picture of his teacher. When he was caught, the teacher, instead of rebuking him, took the sketch to a friend, a master at *L'Ecole des Beaux Arts*, the famous old art school of Paris. The artist found the sketch so good that he offered to train him without charge, but Edward had made up his mind to be a musician and did not accept the offer.

In 1879, MacDowell studied composition at Frankfurt with Joachim Raff, one of the composers of the romantic period. Raff introduced him to Liszt, who invited MacDowell to play his first piano suite at Zurich. The composer's modesty is reflected in these words, which Lawrence Gilman quotes: "I would not have changed a note in one of them for untold gold, and *inside* I had the greatest love for them; but the idea that anyone else might take them seriously had never occurred to me." This suite was his first published composition.

In 1884 he married Marian Nevins of New York. Theirs was one of the most beautiful marriages in musical history, although their meeting was amusing. The young girl had crossed the ocean to continue her music studies at a time when this was uncommon, and when she went to Raff for lessons, he sent her to a young countryman of hers, "an extraordinary piano teacher."

She was indignant to be sent to a young, inexperienced American in that fashion, but she went. The young, inexperienced American

did not want to teach an American girl, because he felt she would not be serious enough to do the kind of work he demanded, but he accepted her. Later, she accepted him.

In 1888, he established himself in Boston as pianist and teacher. His first concert was with the Kneisel Quartet, and in 1889 he successfully played his concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He made tours through the States giving recitals and appearing with the orchestras. Winning immediate recognition, his position as an exceptional composer grew. In 1896 the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented his first piano concerto and his orchestral *Indian Suite* on the same program in New York. Such an honor had never before been shown an American.

In 1896, he became professor of the new Chair of Music at Columbia University, New York City. After resigning his post in 1904, his health broke following an accident, and for several years he was an invalid. All the care of physicians, devoted friends, his parents and his courageous wife could not restore him, and in 1908 he died in New York and was buried in Peterboro, N. H. A boulder, from where he often watched the sunset, marks the spot—fitting for one who loved Nature as he did.

Shortly before his death, a group of friends formed a society, the MacDowell Club of New York, with the object of promoting "a sympathetic understanding of the correlation of all arts, and of contributing to the broadening of their influence, thus carrying forward the life and purpose of Edward MacDowell."

He wished musicians to know the value of associating with artists outside the field of music. Eugene Heffley, an intimate friend of MacDowell and first president of the MacDowell Club, did much to make the MacDowell music known and loved, just as he did for Charles Griffes, Debussy, Ravel, Scriabin and others who have come with new messages.

Some people have statues erected and others have towns and streets named for them, but, besides the numerous MacDowell Clubs throughout the States, the most beautiful memorial is the MacDowell Association at Peterboro, N. H.

Early in his career, MacDowell found it impossible to work well in the city, and by happy chance he and his wife discovered a deserted farm, which they bought for the proverbial song. Here the composer spent his summers in the beautiful New Hampshire woods, in the heart of which he built the little log cabin, which in his words, is

A house of dreams untold
It looks out over the whispering treetops
And faces the setting sun.

And in this house he told many of his dreams in lovely melody. While ill, he often expressed the desire to share the inspiring peace and beauty of his woods with friends, workers in music and the sister arts. Out of this wish has grown the colony for creative workers, which has been a haven to hundreds of composers, poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists and novelists. The log cabin is the seed out of which 24 studios have sprung. The small deserted farm has spread over 500 acres, and Mrs. MacDowell with the aid of faithful friends has made a dream come true.

MacDowell was a composer for the pianoforte, although he created some lovely songs, a few orchestral works (best-known of which is *The Indian Suite*, in which he employs Indian themes) and several male choruses written when he conducted the New York Mendelssohn Glee Club. We love and remember him for his *Woodland Sketches*, *Sea Pieces*, *Fireside Tales*, *New England Idylls* (opus 62 and his last work), virtuoso studies and the four sonatas—*Tragica*, *Ēroica*, *Norse*, and *Keltic*. ♦

After MacDowell's death, his wife and friends founded a haven for creative artists in his memory, at Peterborough, N.H. One of its many pleasant features is this Music Room.

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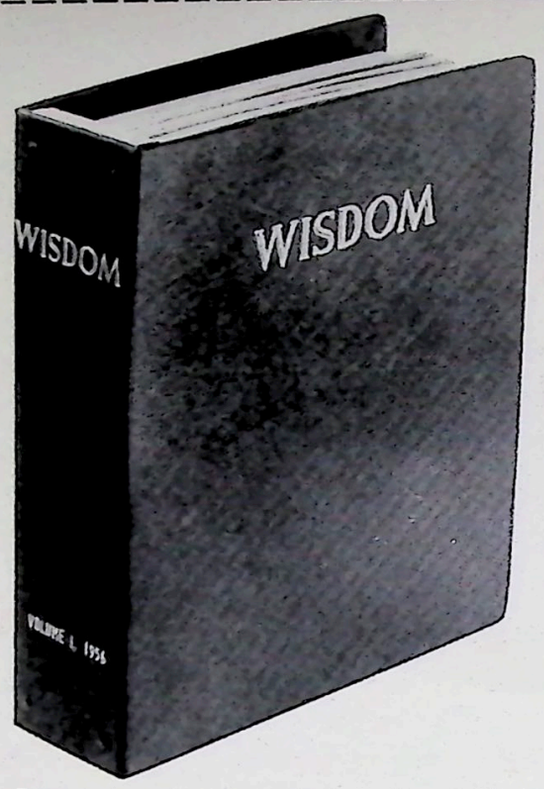

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